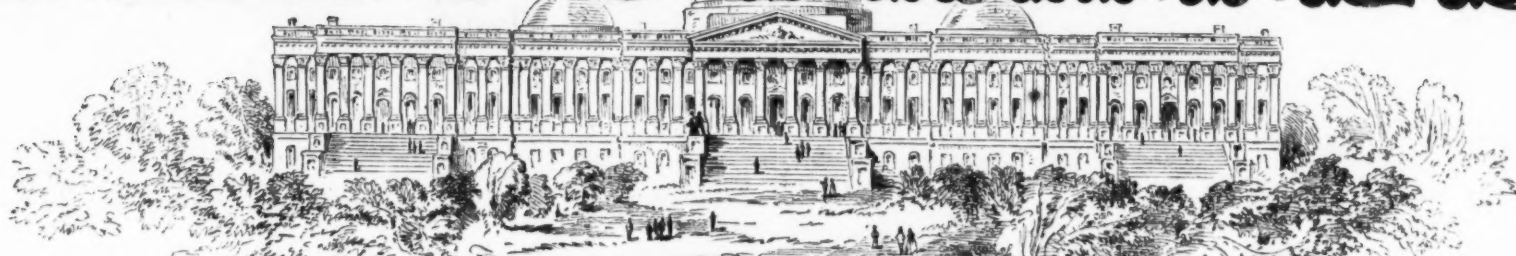


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

GUARD-HOUSE NEAR LANGLEY, VA.

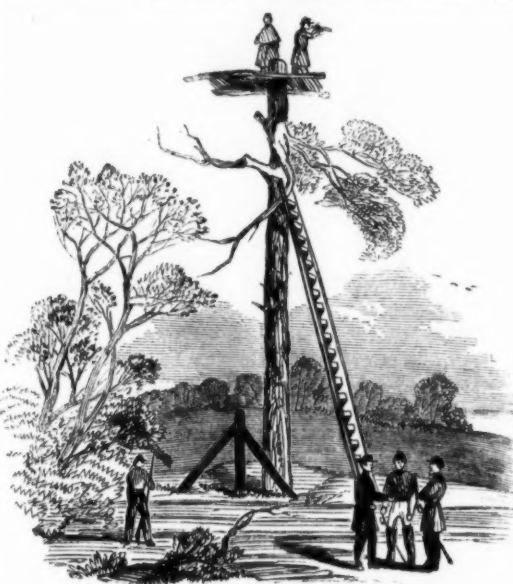
LANGLEY is in Virginia, about two and a half miles from the Chain Bridge, and 12 miles from Dranesville, where the recent battle was fought. It forms one of the advanced posts of Gen. McClellan's division, and has been the scene of many a scout adventure. A few days since the National troops captured some rebels, who were placed in the guard-house preparatory to being consigned to the securer custody of the Provost-Marshal. The scene was serio-comic, and impressed our Artist, who has reproduced it for the appreciation of our readers.

COL. MURPHY'S REGIMENT OF PONTONIERS

Throwing a Bridge across Anacosta River, Washington, in Presence of Gen. McClellan, Nov. 26.

We learned by the battles of Bethel, Manassas and Ball's Bluff that, beside other deficiencies, we were wanting in the engineering skill which had wrested from our arms so many victories, all but purchased by the gallantry and blood of our troops. The corps of Engineers, always small, had been diminished by promotions and deaths, so that barely officers enough to superintend the defensive works on the Potomac remained in the service. Only one company of enlisted men were trained in the duties of pontoniers and besiegers.

The young General, who had already won so many laurels by his far-seeing management, again showed himself equal to the emergency. He selected from the army the 15th regiment of N. Y. V., commanded by Col. J. McLeod Murphy, which had been enlisted as a corps of Sappers and Miners (but withheld from that branch of the



THE "LOOK-OUT," NEAR THE POST-OFFICE, HILTON HEAD, S. C.

service by the technicalities of the proclamation of the President and the act of Congress) to serve as Engineers and Pontoniers.

On the 29th of October—a day to be remembered as one of new hope and promise to the Republic—this regiment was brought over the Potomac from its advanced position at Munson's Hill, and placed in a school of instruction, near the Navy Yard, Washington.

On the 26th of November, after less than a month's drill, an order came from Gen. McClellan to be prepared, at two o'clock, to throw a bridge over the Anacosta. At the hour appointed the General and staff, Gen. Alexander, Gen. Barnard, and many distinguished citizens appeared on the parade ground of Camp Alexander, the home of the regiment.

After being escorted by Col. Murphy and staff through the neat and beautiful encampment, and through the workshops and store-yards, where the pontoon trains and siege materials are piled, they were led to the brow of the bluff which overlooks the Potomac, to witness the laying of the pontoon bridge.

At the word of command 100 lusty arms seized the India-rubber floats, launched them in the stream, and moored them stem and stern; 100 more, each handling his proper beam and cross-tie, lashed the framework on the floats, and placed the timbers in position, and thus, as by magic, in the brief space of 20 minutes, was built a broad, substantial bridge, 300 feet in length, and capable of sustaining three companies of infantry. The bridge was tested by foot soldiers, horsemen and loaded wagons, and worked to the admiration of all the spectators.

In the meantime, however, the Major of the regiment had caused four of the buoyant wagon bodies, made of corrugated iron, used to transport the timbers of the bridge, to be lashed together, and surmounted by some of the bridge timbers. As soon as public attention was diverted somewhat from the novel and exciting scene of the



CAMPAIGN ON THE POTOMAC GUARD-HOUSE NEAR LANGLEY, VA., WITH REBEL PRISONERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

bridge, 50 men were ordered on the raft thus constructed, and the Major, taking command, ordered it to be shoved from the shore. It was suggested that no means of propelling it were at hand. "Try the shovels!" said the Major, and, catching the idea at once, the boys seized some of the mattocks lying by the wharf, and with a few strokes of their lusty arms, paddled the extemporized raft across the stream in eight minutes, and returned, without any mishap, to the encampment.

Meanwhile four of the Government launches, each mounted with a swivel, were rowed up from the Navy Yard to witness and pay honor to the review, and rested during the performance with oars raised, adding much to the picturesque quality of the scene.

Altogether it was a novel and exciting occasion, and augurs well of the future both of the regiment and the army which it serves. With such a regiment thus thoroughly prepared for its duty, we need have no recurrence of the past.

After expressing, in the warmest terms, his approval of the proficiency exhibited by the regiment, Gen. McClellan and staff partook of a collation in the Adjutant's tent, under the auspices of the Adjutant's wife and other ladies of the regiment.

He then reviewed the dress parade of the regiment, and appeared particularly gratified at the salutation of the colors. It is the custom in this corps to superadd to the ordinary ceremonials of the parade a presentation of the colors in front of the line, and a salute by the band. This graceful compliment, so peculiarly appropriate when traitor hands read and traitor heels trample our proud standard, serves both to deepen the attachment of the soldiers to the flag, and to hold it forth to that respect of beholders which has so long been its just tribute from the world.

At half-past five, after renewed expression of his gratification at the ceremonials of the day, Gen. McClellan and suite retired, and "retreat" ushered in the evening, mantling with shadow the scene of the busy labors of the day.

Barnum's American Museum.

THE attractions of this grand temple of amusement are brilliant and unprecedented, consisting in part of the new Fairy Play, the "Bower of Beauty," the Living Whale, Giant Girl, Hippopotamus, Aquaria, &c., &c. For full particulars see advertisement in daily papers. Admission 25 cts. Children, 10 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher — E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

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The National Finances—Taxation.

"THE Treasury is empty!" Such are the ominous words which reach us from Washington. The hundreds of millions which a patriotic people, under the hope and in the assurance of a "sharp but short war," poured freely into the lap of the Government, have disappeared. The rebellion is not crushed, and the armies of treason still beleaguer the Capitol!

But it is not our purpose now to criticise the reckless extravagance, wanton waste and fraudulent practices which, superadded to the necessarily enormous cost of a vast army and augmented navy, have, at the end of eight months, brought the Treasury to its present strait. Our first duty must be to make adequate provision for future wants, and enable the Government to go on without a resort to financial expedients damaging to the National credit, and dangerous to our financial system. That provision made, and the possible pretext for inaction in the army, want of money, anticipated and prevented, then it will be equally our duty to retrench expenditures, and introduce strict accountability in every department of the Government.

As to the measures necessary to supply the Treasury and support the National credit, there is, fortunately, little difference of opinion. With a unanimity as creditable to their financial perceptions and foresight as to their patriotism and self-sacrificing spirit, the people have decided that the appalling expenditures of a great war can only be met by loans and Government issues, founded, not upon inadequate and fluctuating revenues, but on the certain returns of direct taxation. The opinion is universal and no doubt well founded, that the wealth of the country is sufficient to supply all the requirements of the Government, provided that its securities are predicated on assured receipts, sufficient to cover interest and supply a sinking fund of reasonable proportions.

The whole subject is now up before Congress, and a number of plans have been proposed to meet the issue. Our space does not admit of their adequate presentation or discussion; but, under the plan presented by the able head of the Treasury, it is believed that a measure of taxation which shall result in a return, in conjunction with existing sources of revenue, of \$150,000,000 a year, will enable the Government to raise all the money it may require, and preserve from depreciation all its issues, whatever their form, whether demand or convertible notes or bonds bearing interest. The cardinal principle on which Mr. Chase bases his plan cannot be set forth better than in his own language: "Taxation to produce enough for ordinary expenditures, also for prompt payment of interest on the public debt, existing and authorized, and, furthermore, a surplus fund sufficient to extinguish the principal within thirty years."

If the war goes on at its present ratio of expenditure, the Secretary of the Treasury estimates that the public debt will reach \$517,000,000 on the 1st of July next, and \$900,000,000 on the 1st of July, 1863. The annual interest on the former sum, at 7 per cent., would be \$36,000,000, and the latter \$63,000,000 a year, while, in a state of war, with a large part of the country in rebellion, our revenues from duties are not likely to exceed \$40,000,000; for the past year they were only \$31,000,000—a sum not equal to the ordinary expenses of the Government. It is clear, therefore, that we must resort to some extraordinary measures of raising money to meet extraordinary expenditures. Something may be done by augmented duties on luxuries and through stamp duties, but the remainder must be raised by

taxation, which is surest, and on the whole, most equitable. There should be a poll tax, a tax on income, a tax on property, and in these forms the impending tax-bill will doubtless come. The people, we believe, are prepared for it. It may, in the estimation of some, fall heavily on them; but there are none so blind as not to see that all that they possess—freedom, honor, national pride and future safety, depend on the successful issue of this war. There is no cost or sacrifice of which the heritage of our fathers is not worthy. And if there be any whose shoulders bow under the burthen, and who are disposed to complain, let them take resignation, if not courage, from the example of the people of England, who, in the wars against Napoleon, with but little at stake as compared with the vital and eternal consequences of this struggle to us, bore uncomplainingly a taxation more than double that which we now propose. In 1801, with a population less than that of our loyal States, they paid over \$170,000,000 tax. By 1815 their annual taxes reached the sum of \$360,000,000! But they paid them, and they came out of the struggle victorious. Their great enemy died a captive on a rock in the ocean.

We are yet uncertain what form the proposed tax may take, but of the determination of Congress to impose, the passage of the following resolution in the House, on the 15th of January, by a vote of 133 to 5, and subsequently in the Senate with but a single negative, leaves no doubt:

"Resolved, &c. That in order to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government, the interest on the national loan, and have an ample sinking fund for the ultimate liquidation of the public debt, a tax shall be imposed, with the tariff on imports, to secure an annual revenue of not less than \$150,000,000."

"The Monroe Doctrine."

We have already had occasion to say that the pretexts for the intervention of France, Spain and England, in Mexico, are as shallow as false. That intervention has for its real object the suppression of Republican institutions on this continent, and the re-establishment of European systems, if not European power. It would never have been undertaken were it not that the United States, as the natural head and protector of the American republics, is at present unable to throw its ægis over them. Were it not for this unholy rebellion, Santo Domingo would have remained an independent State, instead of being, to-day, a Spanish province, and intervention in Mexico would never have been dreamed of. The reality of our power in restraining European unscrupulousness could have no better illustration than the eagerness and indecent haste of England, France and Spain in seizing on the moment of its temporary paralysis to carry out their sinister purposes. Even if they gain nothing more, they flatter themselves that they will have broken down the principle long ago adopted by the United States, as at the foundation of its continental policy, viz., "No interference of Europe in the affairs of America, for purposes of territorial or dynastic aggrandizement." Already the organs of impotent and imbecile Spain are indulging in senile exhibitions of delight over what they affect to believe the subversion of this policy, or as they style it, "the Monroe Doctrine." They forget that if the United States for the present remains quiet under the infractions of that policy now going on, she has by no means surrendered it. This war must end sooner or later, and when it does terminate, we shall have a trained army large enough, and a navy strong enough, not only to restore the oppressed or extinguished republics of this continent to their liberty and station, but also to crush out the last remnant of European power in North America. Meantime we put on record some of the pleasing speculations of the Spanish press; this time from the *Diario de la Marina*, of Havana:

"The alliance of the three European Powers for the settlement of Mexican matters has, in our eyes, an importance and transcendence of a higher kind, as we have previously said and pointed out in another article, and therefore we not only accept it with extreme complacency, but consider it to have realized and put in practice one of the diplomatic acts of most influence hereafter on the future of this part of the world; because it is a solemn protest, on a par with a former act [the subversion of San Domingo] established against the Anglo-American pretensions of excluding Europe from all interference in the affairs of these countries. It is true that this egotistical and presumptuous doctrine has never been considered by Europe in the arena of diplomatic discussion; but there was wanting to the rejection of it a contrary affirmation founded on acts; we have such now, and congratulate the Spanish Government on this diplomatic triumph, if, as we presume, the initiative of the Anglo-Franco-Spanish alliance be their doing."

A Step Backwards.

MR. COLFAX has introduced a proposition in the House of Representatives of doubtful utility, if not of real injury to the public, requiring all newspapers to be sent through the mails, or, if sent outside of them, under complicated rules and restrictions which cannot fail to be embarrassing, if not impracticable. The mail system of the country, unless thoroughly changed, cannot be made effective for the rapid transmission and distribution of the daily newspapers, nor of the vast packages of the illustrated papers and magazines which are sent to the great centres of population. There is no more propriety of requiring newspapers to be sent through the mails than silks or calicoes. The bulk of newspapers going to Washington, for instance, daily, weekly and yearly, is greater than of either or both of those commodities, and newspapers have really come to rank as merchandise. We are willing, and the newspapers and periodicals of the country, we doubt not, are also willing to bear a share of the national burthens; but let it be imposed in some direct and simple manner, so as not to interfere with a rapid and unobstructed diffusion, on which their success, as well as their usefulness to the public, entirely depend. The obvious and direct effect of the regulations proposed by Mr. Colfax would be to check and reduce the production of an important article of public consumption—for such are newspapers. The duty of Government is to facilitate their production, as one branch of domestic industry. Silks and sugars are worth as much a day later as a day earlier; but a newspaper must be consumed at once, or it loses its principal value; and if the Government undertakes to assume the business of the express in the dissemination of newspapers, it will have not only to enlarge its operations, but to provide new facilities, at a cost equaling, if not exceeding, the increase in its revenues. The present system is one which it has

required a long time and great care to organise, and does its work better than any which the Government can devise or put into execution. Therefore we say—leave it alone! If a revenue is sought from newspapers, let it be through some means not interfering with conditions vital to their very existence. Tax us, if need be, but let us "circulate."

A Reformation of the Cabinet.

PROBABLY no event has occurred during the past six months which has carried greater satisfaction to the public mind than the retirement of Mr. Simon Cameron from the Department of War. The opinion is wide-spread, and we believe well founded, that the Department under Mr. Cameron's management was thoroughly reckless and corrupt, and that Mr. Cameron himself was deeply implicated, directly or through his creatures, in practices fraudulent in essence if not in name. That such a belief was pretty widely entertained by the Senate is proved by the circumstance that Mr. Cameron's nomination as Minister to Russia, after being held in abeyance for several days, was finally confirmed by barely the Constitutional vote—a single negative more would have defeated him. Mr. Cameron is welcome to all the prestige which such a vote will give him in Russia! He must have little self-respect, or be possessed of a preternatural amount of assurance, if, after this practical censure on his conduct, he either accepts the mission or ventures abroad.

It is pretty distinctly intimated that Mr. Cameron's retirement was not voluntary, but required by the President for public considerations. It is to be regretted that, while thus engaged, the President did not effect a further beneficial change. The head of the Department of the Navy is equally obnoxious to the people with Mr. Cameron. Until lately, the objections raised against Mr. Welles have been rather on the score of incompetence than as affecting his integrity. But the public have now before them facts, which, notwithstanding the Secretary's labored, and, to a certain extent, plausible explanation, have produced a profound impression that the interests of the country require a new man, of greater capacity and energy, at the head of the Navy Department, and whose record is free from the doubtful practices of which Mr. Welles has been undeniably guilty. The fact that Mr. Welles employed his own brother-in-law, Mr. George D. Morgan, as his agent in New York, for the purchase of vessels for the navy, and that this brother-in-law expended \$3,500,000 of the public money, and received on this vast sum a commission of two and a half per cent., thus netting in a little over three months the snug sum of \$71,750—this fact alone should insure Mr. Welles's dismissal from the Cabinet.

It is true Mr. Welles asserts that he employed Mr. Morgan because he thought him the best man for the purpose. We presume Mr. Seward might also claim that the appointment of his own son as Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Smith the appointment of his son as Assistant Secretary of the Interior, were made from considerations of public interest, and on the score of special fitness. But the public calls such practices by ugly names, and requires that Cabinet officers, in times like these, should "have no smell of fire on their garments," but be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

This matter of Mr. George D. Morgan loses none of its significance from the fact that his name appears in connection with other monetary transactions. It seems that in April last Mr. Cameron appointed a Mr. Alexander Cummings and Governor Morgan agents in New York for making certain purchases, placing at their disposal the sum of \$2,000,000. Mr. Governor Morgan, who appears to have regarded his appointment as a franchise, which might be transferred or bartered like a note of hand, and being like Mr. Welles impressed with the peculiar fitness of his own brother, Mr. George D. Morgan, for spending the public money, "delegated" to him his authority in conjunction with Mr. Cummings. To say the least, there was a wonderful coincidence of opinion on the part of brother and brother-in-law, as to the qualifications of Mr. George D. Morgan! We have no room to record the extraordinary operations of the Cummings-Morgan agency, as developed by the Van Wyck Investigating Committee. It is enough to say that Mr. Cummings has left the country, and that those operations form a chapter in the history of the conduct of this war which every patriot and honest man must blush to read.

As we have said, Mr. Welles has attempted a vindication, or rather justification, of his arrangement with his brother-in-law, which has been widely diffused, and which the staid press has pronounced satisfactory. But the people do not so regard it. The Committee on Naval Affairs do not so regard it, inasmuch as they have added a provision to the bill making appropriations for the construction of certain new war vessels, requiring that the money shall not be expended by the Secretary of the Navy, but by the President. To the question whether this unprecedented provision implied a censure on the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Hale, the chairman of the committee, replied promptly that it was so intended!

In the face then of Congressional and public censure and distrust, Mr. Lincoln must know that Mr. Welles is no longer the proper man for his present responsible position. And let not the President for a moment delude himself with the hope that under the obloquy of the exposures of his conduct that have been made, Mr. Welles will relieve the administration of its embarrassment by a voluntary withdrawal from the Cabinet. Mr. Welles has held one petty office or another for a great part of his life; but we doubt if he ever resigned any. Under Mr. Bancroft, in Polk's day, he had charge of a bureau in the Navy Department, where his incompetence was so conspicuous, and his indisposition to resign so confirmed, that the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs introduced an amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill abolishing Mr. Welles's bureau, thus relieving Mr. Bancroft from the pain of dismissing him. He then retired to private life, and when Mr. Lincoln brought him forth again and raised him to the Cabinet, some smiled and

JOINT ROYAL EXPEDITION—SCENE IN THE MILITARY MARKET AT BEAUFORT, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. SHERMAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 166.



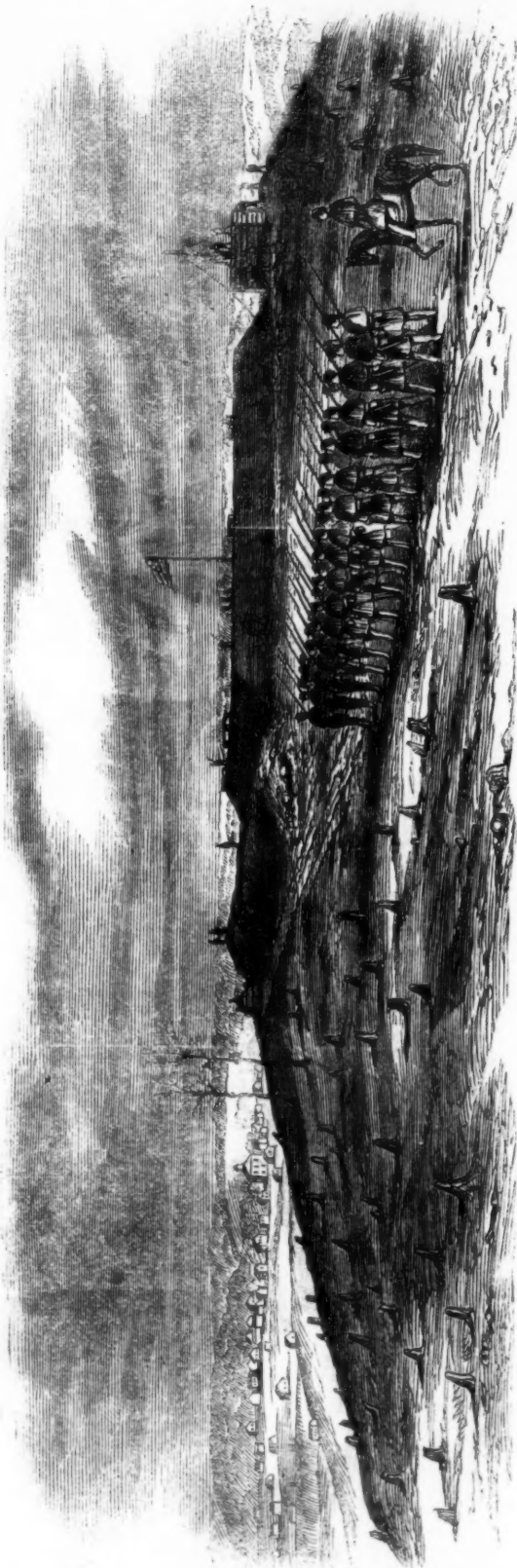


THE WAR IN MISSOURI—ENCAMPMENT OF THE NATIONAL ARMY NEAR ROLLA.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT NEAR ROLLA, MO.

The city of Rolla has been famous since the death of the heroic Lyon, when the scattered forces of that glorious but disastrous day, under the guidance of Gen. Siegel, made this their first secure resting place. Our illustrations on this page are particularly interesting, as they take in the last encampment of the National army, showing the positions of the chief divisions of Gens. Ashboth, Siegel and Wyman, names already celebrated in our paper. Rolla is on the direct route of the railroad from St. Louis to Springfield, being about midway between those cities. It is about 60 miles from Pilot Knob, and 50 miles from Jefferson City. Its position on the railroad had given it a great start in prosperity, which the present rebellion has entirely crushed. The citizens of the once thriving city of Rolla will curse the day when they were led to follow the Secession flag. Our Artist says:

"The high, rolling country around Rolla is admirably adapted for a camping ground. Fine streams of clear water intersect in all directions; the ground is gravelly and dry, and all the hills are covered with oak timber. The camping grounds are all gently sloping, facing the south, and are well protected from the cold north and north-west winds by the high ridges on the north. But the men in those well-chosen camps are not contented—they enlisted to fight, and not to suffer all the hardships of war without tasting any of its glory, or trying to carry out their design. The attempt now making to wrap up these sturdy men in red tape and make machines out of them, according to the regular military notions handed down



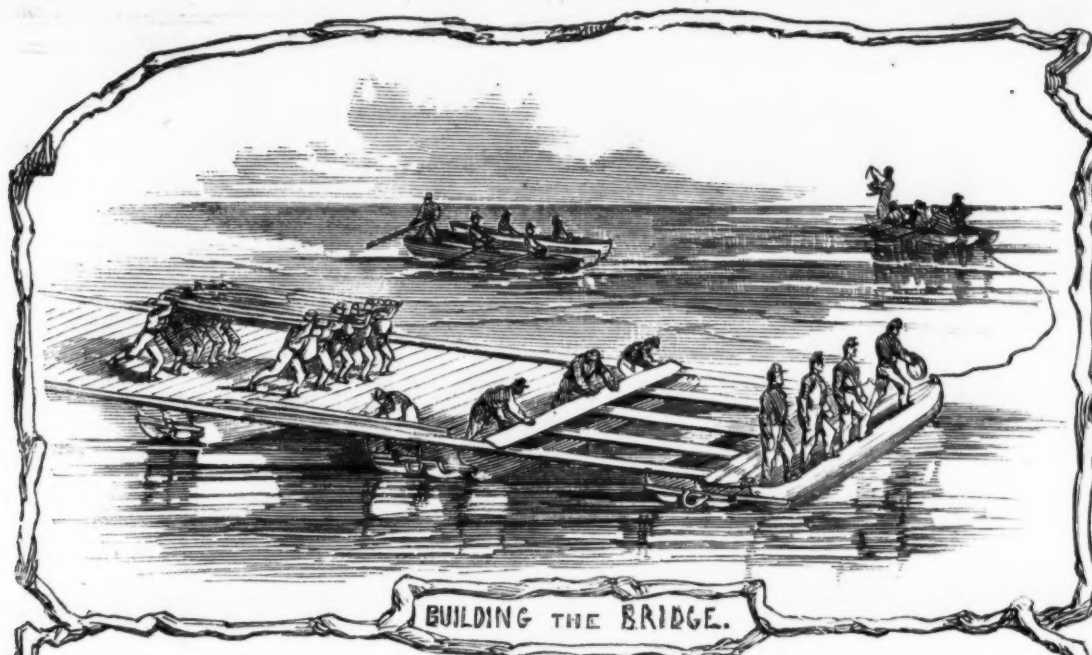
THE WAR IN MISSOURI—VIEW OF ROLLA, TAKEN FROM THE FORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. WALLACE'S COMMAND.

to us from Europe, will fail. All these men want a leader in whom they have confidence, and who has spirit and enterprise enough to use this the best and most effective 'irregular' army the world has ever seen, and the Government will find them soldiers and patriots. But they object to being kept lying in camp and decimated by measles, typhoid fever and inactivity."

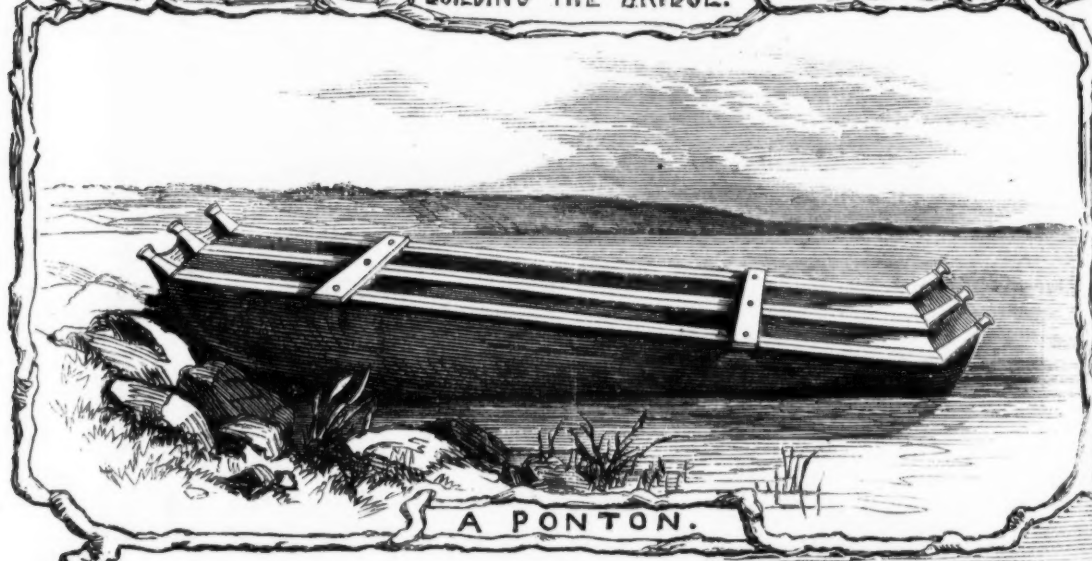
A very deep amen is given to this by the nation.

SCENE IN BEAUFORT—MILITARY MARKETING.

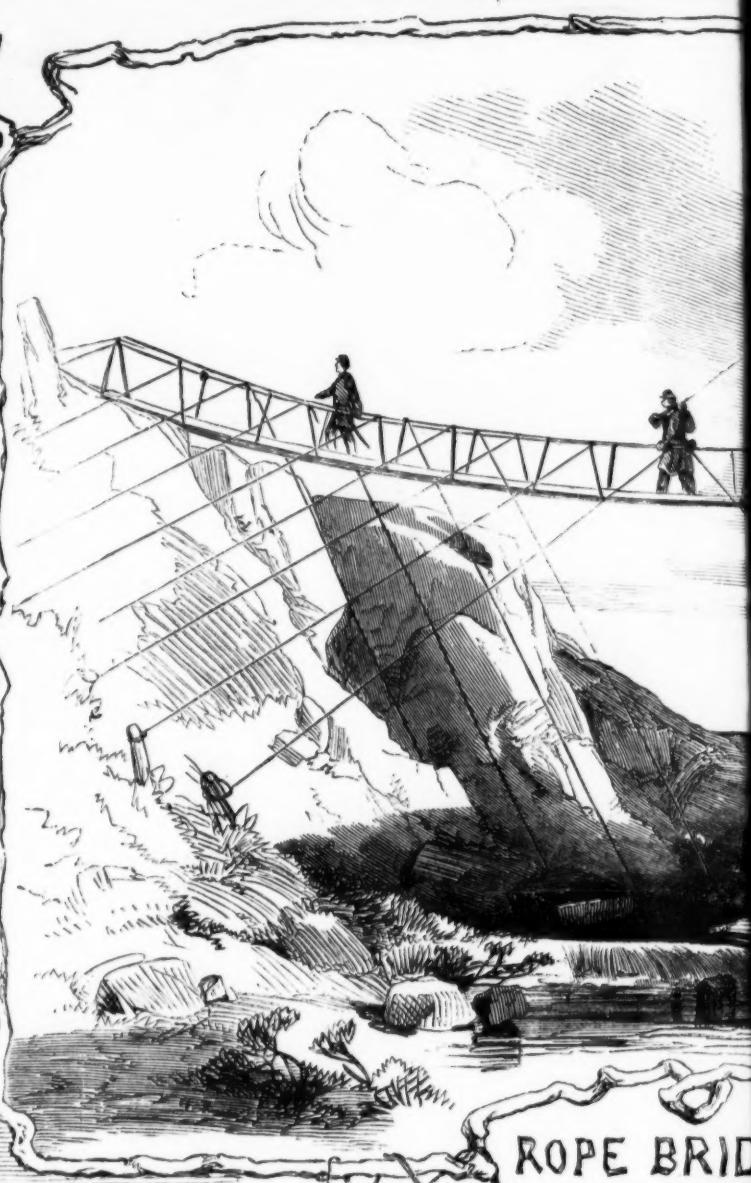
The appearance of the National banner, like the wand of Harlequin, transforms the condition of everything in the South with the instantaneousness of magic. The belated darkey becomes *sur le champ* Clown, and Dinah, Columbine. The grubs blown into butterflies, and the unodoriferous contraband wenchers flaunt in their mistresses' finery. As nothing belonged to a slave when under the eye of his master, everything is his when his master flies. Such are the ethics of the peculiar institution. Our Artist accompanies his sketch of the soldiers marketing by observing that at a bargain a nigger is as good as a gentleman of the Rothschild persuasion, and a great deal better, as the most liberal soldier can have no compunction in giving finally a quarter for what the darkey originally asked \$15—since it is strongly suspected the contraband did not come honestly by the goods he sells. It is a source of considerable



BUILDING THE BRIDGE.



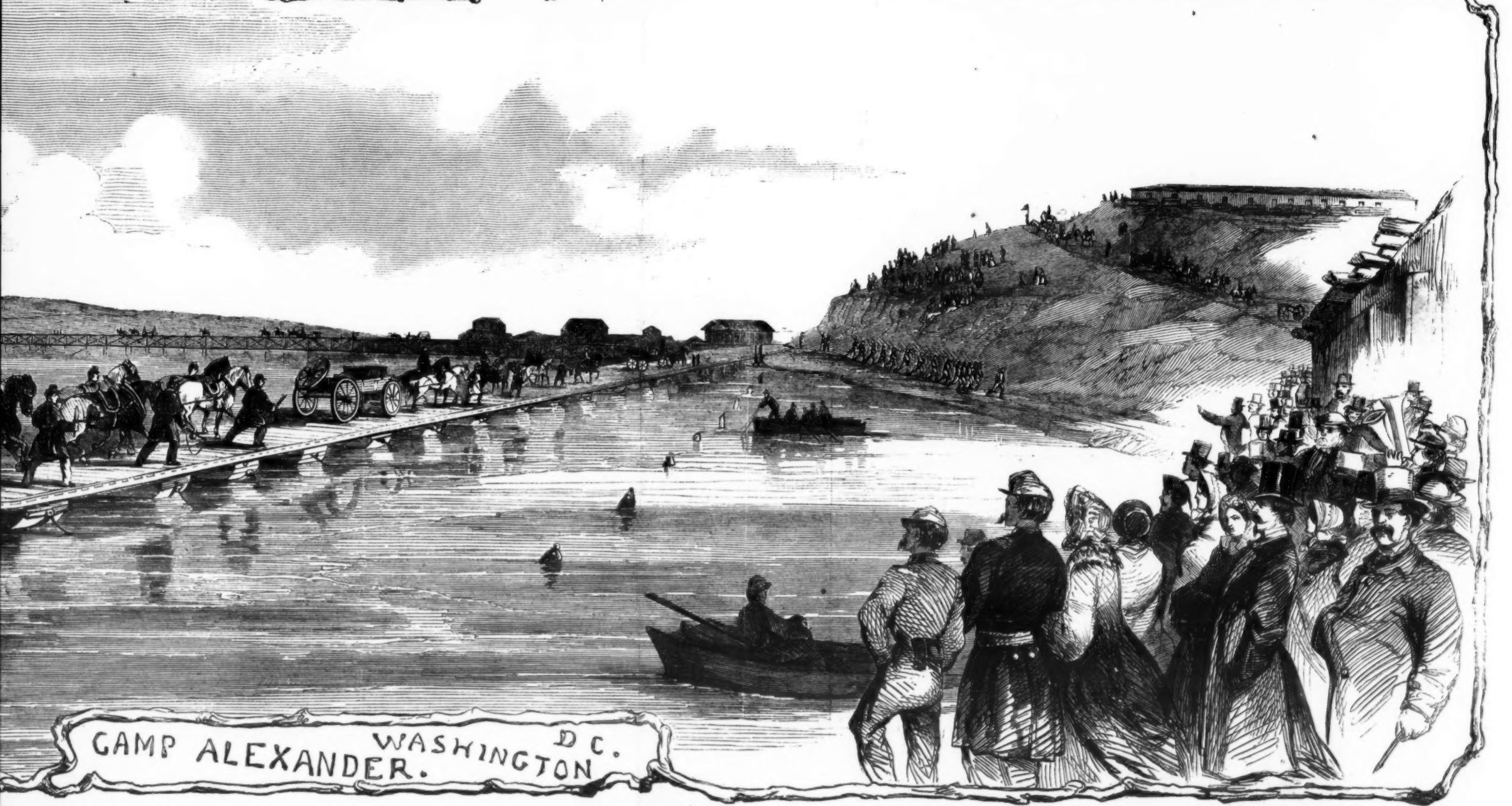
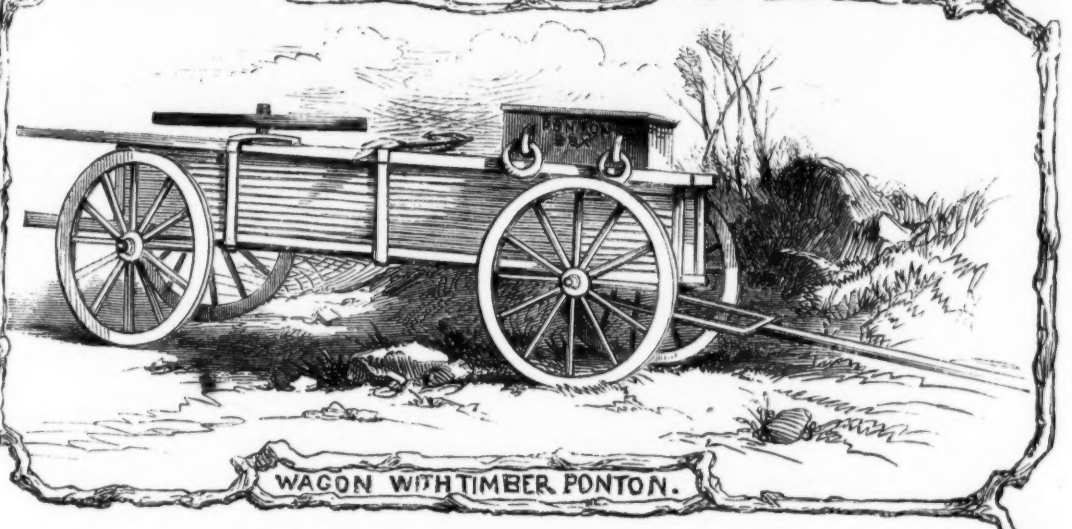
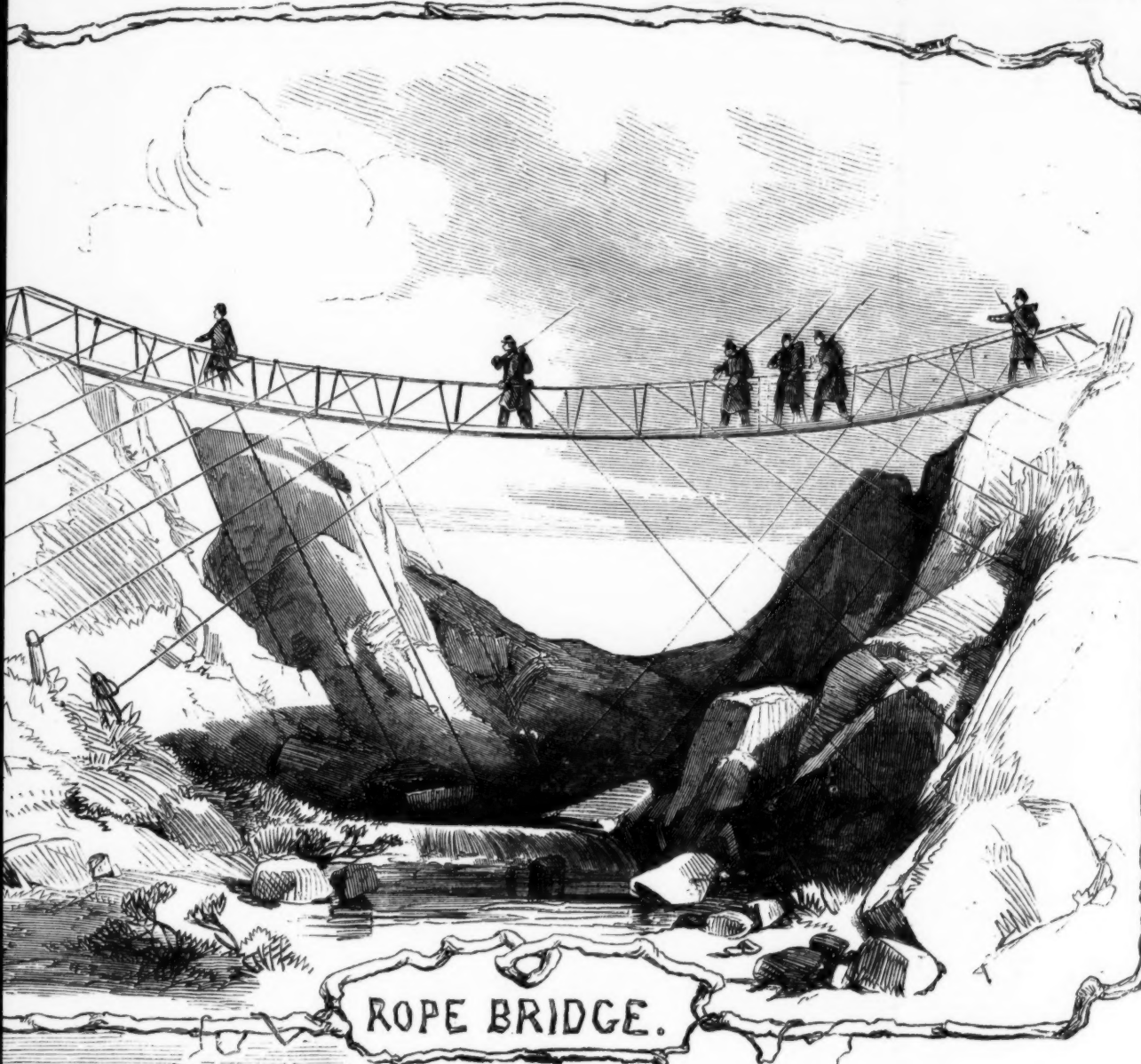
A PONTON.



ROPE BRIDGE



CAMP ALEXANDER. WA



AT CAMP ALEXANDER, WASHINGTON, D. C., BY THE 15TH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS, COLONEL McLEOD MURPHY—BRIDGING THE ANACOSTA, OR EASTERN BRANCH OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 161.



THE ADMIRAL INTRODUCING HIS INTENDED WIFE TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTERS.

A Story of Fifty Years ago.

CHAPTER I.

"Whom do you think I've seen to-day, Ellen?"

"Who? How can I tell? Dozens of people, I suppose."

"But it was some one you know and like."

"Mrs. Lake?"

"Yes. Susan and I met her on the Hoe; and who do you think was with her?"

"Captain Boyd?"

"No. Oh, you'll never guess! It was papa. They looked so confused; but she soon recovered, and asked papa whether he was not proud of two such fine girls. Papa said he thought there was one still more handsome at home. Mrs. Lake laughed, and said she knew his opinions on that point."

"You do surprise me. Mrs. Lake with papa! I can hardly believe it. Where are they now—coming here?"

"No. Papa told us to come home, and he would come to dinner after seeing Mrs. Lake home."

"I'm afraid my widow friend is going to bring us some trouble, Mary," ignoring the fact of Susan's presence, as did everybody else in that house.

"Trouble! What trouble? She'll be only one more to dinner on Wednesday."

"No, no, Mary; I'm afraid she's likely to be one more at dinner every day soon."

"Why? Do you think papa will ask her often?"

"Stupid child! She's a widow, and will only need asking once when the question is put by an admiral."

"What question, Ellen? Do speak clearly."

"Why, the question that you hope will some day be put to you by that handsome Lieut. Blackwood."

"Ellen, that's not kind. I never said that I wanted any one to put such a question to me—least of all, that solemn, sedate Mr. Blackwood. But, surely, you don't mean that my papa is likely to ask Mrs. Lake to be his wife?"

"I do, indeed. I've wondered what took him out so much of an evening for the last three weeks—indeed, ever since she came here—while the girls were out. Your meeting them together explains all; you'll have a stepmother, girls, as sure as my name's Ellen Newton."

"What do you say to that, Susan?" said Mary.

"I'm sure I don't know. She's a very pretty woman, and was very kind in her manner to us to-day. I dare say papa will be happier if he marries her."

"Ah!" said both the girls, looking at each other, and reading each in the other's face a profound pity for poor Susan, for whom the idea of a stepmother had no terrors. "You'd like it, too, Susan?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. If she's kind and pleasant, perhaps I should. I don't think we girls can be quite the same to papa as a wife. I wonder what Henry will say when he hears of it?"

"That's Susan all over," said Ellen. "I wonder what Henry will say!"

The three girls left the room to dress for dinner, and Susan having been told to make haste down so as to be there when their father came in, the two girls, the eldest and the youngest of the admiral's family, were left alone.

"I wish you wouldn't say anything about Lieut. Blackwood, Ellen; he's not been here half a dozen times, and you're always teasing me about him. I don't care."

"How old are you, Mary—twenty, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And I am twenty-six. You see that makes all the difference. I see—you don't. A woman learns a great deal from twenty to twenty-six."

"Whatever you've learnt, you mustn't do this. I don't like it."

"And why? Didn't I joke about Capt. Boyd and Col. Griffin, and I don't know how many more? You never winced then—you did not feel; you joked yourself about these admirals; but now you do feel when I joke you about Mr. Blackwood; therefore, being six years older than my little sister, I say she has thought how pleasant it would be if—There, Mary, I need not picture the future for you; I'll end here. About papa, though, I don't know what to do; he's fifty-six in April, and to marry at his time of life it's very absurd; and such a girl as Mrs. Lake! Why she was at school with me before she married Capt. Lake—she's not thirty yet. I little thought what I was about when I asked her to come and stay with me the week you girls were in London. Good use of her time she has made, too, to get your papa to walk with her on the Hoe already."

"But we must do something to prevent it," said Mary, suggestively.

"I don't know what we can do; we can say something, but it will be no use—none. Mrs. Lake's a very pleasant companion, but I can't think of her being here in authority without some fear. You

"Ellen, my dear," says the white-haired old gentleman, standing with his back to the fire, "your sisters met Mrs. Lake and myself on the Hoe this morning; it's necessary that I should explain to you that I have asked Mrs. Lake to become a mother to your children, and she has most kindly consented. I trust your own good sense will enable you to see that this lady's kindness should meet its reward in the respect and affection of her adopted daughters—ahem—"

This pretty little speech had been drilled into the admiral during the walk to his own home. He had said his lesson well, and, that finished, felt at a loss what more to say.

"My dearest Ellen," said the lady, "your dear father is quite right, he has persuaded me to come and live with you dear girls and take care of his motherless children—not that I mean to say that is my only reason for yielding to his wishes."

And the little black eyes shot a glance of tenderness at the admiral.

"If it were your only reason, Mrs. Lake, it would be a poor one. I've brought those children up; since their mother died I've been their mother; and I've yet to learn that they wish another's care, even though it came accompanied by Mrs. Lake's large experience."

"I can't boast much experience, Ellen, my love, but I think you as well as your sisters have now reached an age when my experience, little as it is, might be of service to your father in looking after your interests. No one knows the dangers to which you are exposed from your father's public position. Several friends have remarked to your father that he ought to have some person of experience at the head of his establishment; and I feel that, to please my dear Richard, I will do my very best."

And again the black eyes shed their melting beams.

"I don't see that my father's friends have anything to do with it. I have kept my father's house since I was fifteen, and I do not see that I should be called upon to give up that pleasure to any one."

"My dearest Ellen, how much you mistake me and my meaning. I hope that when I am one of the family, things will go on just as they have hitherto; you will be able still to devote yourself to the little arrangements which the care of your younger sisters requires. We shall be very happy, dear Ellen, I'm sure—quite a united household—shall we not, my dear Richard?"

Ellen was stupid with surprise at hearing any one call her father "dear Richard"; it was profanation—it was—What would not that woman be capable of, if she called her father—Admiral Newton!—"dear Richard?" Could anything be sacred to that creature after this? She knew she was stupid, felt that her mind was stunned. What could she do? Beaten and distracted, she rushed from the room to find solace in tears. Poor Ellen! all your motherly loving offices taken from you by one of your own schoolfellows not four years your senior.

"My dear admiral, you might have come to the rescue, I think, might you not, when that fine frigate of yours bore down on me in that threatening way. Well, never mind, I'll beat them all off yet, won't I, dear?"

"I think, Mrs. Lake, you should have been a little more kind to the poor child; she, naturally enough, does not like to see a successor to the post she has held so long. I hope you'll do your best, Catherine, to be friendly with them."

"Never fear, admiral, I'm sure they'll learn to love me when they know me—don't you think so, dear?"

"I hope so—I'm sure I hope so."

"Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think so, if you are careful of them. Ellen is very jealous of any interference with her sisters; but I think they'll learn to love you, in time," said the admiral, reflecting; "in time, yes—"

"As you do, dear?"

"O yes, my dear Catherine, as I do."

"Ah, my dearest Richard, nothing but the consciousness of your great love for me would induce me to accept the responsibilities of my position. A few weeks ago I was free and gay, and now I am almost sad with my new cares; but I have that consolation, that my dearest Richard loves me with all his heart—does he not, dearest?" And the affectionate widow kissed the man, old enough to be her father, with great and girlish enthusiasm.

"Let us go to dinner, my dear Catherine," said the gentleman; and they went to dinner.

Why did Admiral Newton call this affectionate lady "my dear Catherine?"

Miss Bates was the daughter of a lieutenant who lived on his half-pay at Portsmouth. Miss Bates left a fashionable boarding-school, to which a relative of the family had sent her, very much dissatisfied with the name of Bates—it was common, and she would change it as soon as she could. Her mother had an equal desire as to the change of name, but not for similar reasons—Miss Bates was a very expensive addition to her household. What with the lodgers and her son, Mr. Bates, jun., then at the interesting age of twelve, she found it difficult to make both ends meet, and, like a wise woman, she set herself to work to accomplish the modern mother's mission, and set her daughter well married. This done, she might then give Mr. Bates, jun., an education befitting his great abilities.

girls will marry and go away, but an old thing like me there's no hope for."

"Don't talk so, Ellen; I don't like it. Papa said to-day you were the handsomest of us all."

"My tongue's too sharp a great deal, Polly, and a step-mamma will give it a keener edge; so I say 'Good-bye' to hope for myself, but I mean to take better care of you helpless little chicks."

"If you please, miss, master says will you come down—Mrs. Lake is in the drawing-room."

"Say I'll come directly, Fanny. There, Mary, I told you so. They're going to confess to me; you and Susan are of no account in these matters—children—poor children!" And here Ellen clasped her sister in her arms, and kissed her passionately.

"Let us go together, Nelly."

"Oh, certainly! and be told to go away like a child."

"Papa won't do that."

"Very well—let's try, then."

"I know I shall say something spiteful, Mary; you'd better go away, and let me go in alone."

"No, Ellen, we'll go together. Wipe your eyes, dear; don't let her see you've been crying."

And, just outside the drawing-room door, Mary wipes her sister's eyes and smooths her hair, and they enter together.

"Mary, I sent for Ellen; you can retire."

And exit Mary, painfully red and indignant; for the admiral, good man as he was, rather gave in to a way of speaking that commanded obedience. It is a way that saves its possessor a great deal of trouble; albeit it is marvellously unpleasant to those who are its victims. Mary felt that her power against the new comer was gone altogether already—if fight there was to be, her father's favorite, Ellen, and Mrs. Lake would be the only combatants.

Let us leave Mary with her hand on the outside handle of the door, doubtful whether to go, or to do something dreadful, she knew not what, to relieve herself of the anger that burnt within her.

Her first thought was her lodgers. Was there any one eligible for the honor of her daughter's hand? None at present, but there might be; it must be a consideration in taking the next tenant into her first floor suite. If she could get an eligible in to her first floor, it was hard, indeed, if she could not get that eligible to make her daughter an offer.

In a few days an advertisement in the local paper announced that an elegant suite of apartments would be vacant after the next quarter-day. "Applications might be addressed to Mrs. Bates, No. 2 Prospect Row. Unexceptionable references given and required."

There was still a fortnight to quarter-day. Concerts, exhibitions, parades, sermons, fancy-fairs and sailing-parties were all brought into requisition. Wherever there were assemblies of people, there was Mrs. Bates, and there was Miss Bates, the loftiest of the lofty, the highest of the high—ostensibly, if not in fact.

Who was that exquisite little fairy, with the black eyes and the haughty look? Who, indeed?

Before the fortnight was over, Mrs. Bates had forty-three written and nine personal applications for her apartments. The nine personal were immediately snubbed. The advertisement said applications "might be addressed;" Mrs. Bates regretted to have to call applicant's attention to that fact. The forty-three letters were sorted and most carefully analysed; twenty were unworthy of consideration, mates and merchant captains, men of no family, or youths; eleven ensigns and second lieutenants might be reserved for consideration in the future; nine should have immediate attention; two military captains and one major received polite intimations that Mrs. Bates was sorry to have to refuse their offers, but she had always been in the habit of receiving gentlemen of the other service, and felt unequal to the task of, etc., etc.

"Naval men are much more impressible, my dear," said Mrs. Bates, in explanation. Soldiers are such practised flirts that I fear them; sailors, on the contrary, are much more susceptible and generous: that blue silk of mine and the black shawl were presents from Capt. Fitzroy before he had stayed with us a fortnight."

Nine gentlemen were desirous of the shelter of the first floor; which should it be? In other days the highest price was the only consideration; now she must be guided by other circumstances. Pretty thing, indeed to get a married man in, who might pay his three guineas a-week for years. No; the lodger must be single—a sailor, of good family or expectations, and, for Catherine's ideas, of good name. Which of the nine?

Mr. Brownson must be asked to tea; he knew everybody and everything in and about Portsmouth. He was something at the dockyard, nobody seemed to know what; he had a little office where he read the *Times* and the magazines diligently from ten till four, and then left—an employment for which it is said many gentlemen in Government offices get well paid.

Mr. Brownson should come, Mrs. Bates had said it. Catherine walked down to the office with the invitation, and Mr. Brownson came. He looked at the letters, made a note of the names, and came next evening full of information.

No. 1. Capt. Jenkins, risen from the ranks; nothing but his pay; rather dissipated.

No. 2. 1st Lieut. Broadmead, scapegrace, of good family; awfully in debt; has a latchkey, and is seen in the streets very early in the mornings.

No. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Varieties of the same species.

No. 8. Capt. Allerton, good family; three steps from a peerage; ship fitting out, to be ready in six months, more or less as soon as men can be got for her.

No. 9. Captain Lake, good family; allowance of £500 a year from an uncle; heir to the uncle; quiet, reserved, young, just passed, and just come home from a long voyage.

"I think it must be Captain Lake, Mr. Brownson," said Mrs. Bates. Mr. Brownson agreed. He always agreed with everybody. He had no opinions of his own, he was simply a storehouse of facts.

"Allerton is a very pretty name, mamma."

"I think 'Lake' is as pretty, Kate; so suggestive of peacefulness and calm. I remember the lakes in the North, my dear, when your father and I—ah, well! I must not think of that now."

Captain Lake was the happy man. For him the suite on the first floor was put into thorough order; for him new white curtains were put up to the mahogany four-poster bedstead; for him were purchased a new bottle and glass for the toilet stand; in short, for him was done everything that should be done for a new lodger who had £500 a year allowed him by his uncle.

Why delay? Mrs. Bates is energetic—Miss Bates is dissatisfied with the name of Bates; Captain Lake is on the first floor; he must come down stairs to go out; Miss Bates must go up-stairs to get to the upper part of the house; Mr. Lake sees Miss Bates once, twice, thrice, many times.

Two months pass; the servant is ill—Mr. Lake must have his breakfast, somebody must take it; the knif-boy is dirty; Catherine is ready; Catherine must run up with it. The servant gets well; she does nothing that is right; a complaint brings Miss Bates to investigate; the toast is burnt—Betty can't help it, the fire is so bad in the kitchen—good fire here—Miss Bates will make the toast; Betty will fetch the loaf.

Charming picture, Catherine making toast, kneeling—impressible captain in easy chair, reading. She likes making toast? Yes—anything for these she loves is pleasure. Can she—the toast is in the ashes—can she love? She can—he does—oh, happiness!

"My dear Catherine, what has made you so—Mr. Lake, leave my house. Oh! that I should come to this—leave my house this moment, sir."

"Madam, allow me to explain."

"No explanations, sir, can possibly affect me. Oh, miserable woman that I am—"

"Madam, indeed you are wrong. Pray allow me to explain."

"Yes, mother, do hear him, I implore you."

Mr. Lake explained; Mrs. Bates was pacified; and Miss Bates changed her name and residence before the next quarter day.

They were very happy—that is Mrs. Lake and her mamma were—till Captain Lake went to the West Indies and there died.

"He was a good man, a dear good man," said Mrs. Bates, "but anything, a little too soft."

Mrs. Lake was not necessarily the heir to the loving uncle because her husband had been. Mrs. Lake, the wife, had £500 a year to spend; Mrs. Lake, the widow, had but £100 for the same purpose, and she felt the difference; but if elderly gentlemen, who are admirals, will meet charming captains' widows at dinner parties, they must run the risk of such meetings.

Admiral Newton met Mrs. Lake first at his own house, then at his friend's.

At home he was safe. Why did he go to Colonel Griffin's? Why did he take so much champagne that evening? Why did he get himself appointed the charming widow's escort home, that unhappy night? Why did he pledge himself her most devoted admirer? Why did he plight his troth, and listen with rapt attention to her declaration that of all men in the world she admired him most, and loved him from the first moment his dearest Ellen introduced him to her? Why did he do this?

Why, but because he was fifty-six and fond of champagne, and she was thirty and wanted more than £100 a year to satisfy her desires.

Why, too, on the next evening did Mrs. Lake's servant rush into the room, without warning of any kind, and find the admiral's arm round her mistress's waist, and then make a blundering apology by saying she did not know any one was there? Ah, why, indeed, were these things so, but because £100 a year is not easy to live upon, and champagne is strong, while man is weak.

Why did Admiral Newton say "My dear Catherine," and propose going down to dinner?

Why, indeed, but because the effect of champagne is transient.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER is over—bed time, that time of confidence amongst sisters, has come.

"What do you think of her now, Mary?"

"I don't know; she's like a rat, although she is so pretty, with her black hair and red cheeks; there's a sly look about her I can't like, and when she calls papa 'Dearest Richard,' I feel ready to fly at her."

"I'm sure she's very affectionate and kind," put in Susan. "She talked to me a long time, asked me all sorts of questions, and seemed quite interested about the house and the servants, and even asked me how much we spent in housekeeping. I think I shall like her."

amusement to our soldiers to spend an hour in marketing. Sometimes a conversation like this takes place:

Soldier, after having paid for his chicken, which he firmly grasps—"Sambo, where did you steal this?" Truthful Contraband—"From Marsa Drayton's farm. Dis chile will not lie; marsa, dis chile b'long to Baptist persuasion!"

FARMERS AND OTHERS DRIVEN FROM SOUTH MISSOURI.

OUR Artist has given, in his sketch of the Southern Missourians driven from their homes by the relentless barbarity of the rebels, an appalling picture of the horrors of war. In his letter accompanying his sketch he draws a most affecting picture of the misery and destitution of these unhappy people, of all ages, from the white-haired pioneer of this comparatively young State to the infant; a more sorrow-stricken group never met his eyes. In one short season men of substance have been stripped of all their hard earnings, their household gods trampled in the dust, their homesteads burnt, their sons murdered, and their daughters outraged. The track of Southern chivalry is not told by its victories, but by its devastation. No Juggernaut ever rolled through a land with a more pitiless tread than that of an army which unfolds upon its lying banner that they are fighting for their altars and their homes. Men who perpetrate the cruelties of which we have been the unwilling illustrators can have no religion save that of Moloch—no home save that of Pandemonium.

GRAND TABLEAU IN "ONDINA, OR THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS."

THE scene we give in our paper of the Grand Tableau in the new spectacular drama—for it is more than a spectacle, being full of interest in action as well as gorgeous in scenery—is one of Barnum's happiest efforts, and shows that he is as great in the fairy world as he is in that of monstrosities. For startling mechanical effects, and splendor of *mise en scene*, few things equal the new Fairy Extravaganza now performing at Barnum's Museum. Our Artist has given an outline of the celebrated scene where the Naiad Queen appears with her attendant nymphs, and which has been pronounced by the public, as well as by Barnum himself, a triumph of artistic grouping and magnificence.

OUR WASHINGTON ILLUSTRATIONS.

Corcoran's Art Building, Washington.

WHEN Mr. Corcoran, the enterprising and wealthy banker of Washington, resolved to erect a building on which should be inscribed "Devoted to Art," he little thought that the first practical use to which it would be put would be as an immense clothing depot for an army raised to put down a rebellion, in which his own son-in-law would play a subordinate part. Such, however, has been literally the case with the beautiful structure which we illustrate to-day. Some years ago Mr. Corcoran, whose taste for the fine arts is well known to all who have been through his magnificent private gallery of paintings, resolved to found a building for the reception of a gallery of art. It was just finished when the present rebellion broke out, when the Government at once rented it as a grand depot for military clothing, for which it is admirably adapted. It is situated in Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the office of the War Department.

The Cattle Meadow near Washington.

The task of supplying a quarter of a million of men is a gigantic one, and considering the imperfect machinery of a commissariat, whose regular army was only 17,000 men, the Government has shown great energy. This, however, does not excuse those enormous frauds, which exceed anything in the history of corruption. We can only compare the greed shown by some of Mr. Cameron's agents as akin to those who take advantage of a sick household to pillage the invalid. It is a practical illustration of the proverb of the sneak who stole the pennies from a dead man's eyes. The country, however, has passed its verdict without paying any attention to the special pleadings of shameless senility. Truth does not always live in wells. Among the most onerous charges is the collection of healthy cattle to supply the troops. For this purpose the large meadow adjacent to the Washington Monument has been chosen, and fenced in. Here a scene is to be witnessed every day worthy the pencil of Rosa Bonheur. Here every variety of the Taurus kind is to be seen, and the noise sometimes resulting from the gathering throws Babel into the shade. A glance at our sketch will give our readers a much better idea than any description, and we therefore commend them to ponder over the strange contrast presented by the unfinished monument to the founder of our republic, and the assembled beasts to sustain those who are laboring to save the work he lived, fought and died to consolidate. When the Union is restored it will be our task to complete the monument to the Father of the Republic.

Fodder Department.

This mammoth collection of fodder is at the corner of F and 18th streets, Washington.

Army Horse Depot, at Washington.

The exposure of the recent enormous frauds perpetrated by the employees of the War Department in the purchase of horses for the public service, has almost made the sight of that noble animal distasteful to an American, but nevertheless we engrave as a most interesting picture a sketch made by our special Artist in Washington of the grand Horse Depot at the Capitol, or as they are called in Mexico, corrals. Horse jockeys have in every land been celebrated for their shameless lying and unbridled effrontery, but we question whether even a London jockey ever reached the sublime heights which some of our army contractors have done, such as selling one lot of horses three times over, and at advanced prices every time. And it is said that sixteen dead horses were paid for twice. Among the horrors of war we must not fail in future to enumerate the moral degradation and depravity of the army contractors. A striking example ought to be made of some of these eminent swindlers. A few feet of rope judiciously administered to some of them would be more efficacious than all the Congressional inquiries ever printed. Apart from these considerations, the scene our Artist has sketched is full of interest, and painfully suggestive of the enormous expense the villainy of a few, and the madness of many, has put our honest and loyal citizens.

CAPTAIN GOLDSBOROUGH.

WE give a correct portrait of the gallant naval commander of what is popularly called the Burnside Expedition, which is destined to operate on North Carolina, by seizing Roanoke Island and other strategic points in those inland seas known as Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. Whatever may be the results of the expedition, there can be no doubt of the ability of its gallant leaders.

CAPTAIN DAVIS.

CAPTAIN DAVIS is an old and distinguished naval officer, who has grown gray in the honorable service of his country. His last service was to superintend the sinking of the Stone Fleet at the entrance of Charleston Harbor. He is now actively employed at Port Beaufort.

THE sum of 93,000,000 sterling (\$465,000,000), is annually paid, in various taxes, general and local, for the national expenditure of Great Britain. This is wholly irrespective of the revenue raised in India. It is an increase of \$100,000,000 in 20 years, and the army and navy alone swallow up 150,000,000, or one-third of this vast outlay. We have heard people grumble at the bare idea of raising \$400,000,000 to \$500,000,000, to meet the expenses of maintaining the United States, as the Constitution framed that Confederation which our forefathers delivered to us intact and prosperous. But here, without being at war with any power, great or small, the national expenditure of England is close upon the largest sum we propose borrowing to maintain our very continuance as a nation.

THE O'DONOGHUE has been dismissed from the Irish Magazine for his advocacy of the American cause. We are not sorry for him. We do not want all this foreign padding on the back. America can maintain its own.

CAMPAIN IN KENTUCKY—UNITED STATES TROOPS STEAMING UP THE CUMBERLAND RIVER—FROM A SKETCH BY — ALLISON.



CAPT. J. R. GOLDSBOROUGH, U.S.N.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
SEE PAGE 167.

"There now, Ellen, you see she's pumped poor Susan of all that she knows, as father would say. I'm sure she's sly, and I don't believe she loves papa a bit as we do."

"You heard her ask papa if she should come and help us on Tuesday for the dinner on Wednesday; such impertinence, as if I couldn't see to the monthly dinner as well now as ever."

"Did you say anything, Ellen?"

"I told her, point blank, I did not need help."

"And she?"

"She said, 'O, Ellen, dearest, I am so glad I shall be able to leave all these things to your care.' I know I shall hate her—I know I shall. Why did I invite her here at all?"

"Well, we must make the best of it, Nelly, and try what kindness will do: some people are more influenced by it than by anything else. I hope—"

"You hope in vain, Mary; she's not one—I know it. As an acquaintance, I did not think enough of her to notice little things; but now, old school days and things come back to me, and I'm sure we shall all suffer dreadfully through her—even father will. She'll never be satisfied till we all kiss her feet; and I won't, if I die for it."

"There, Ellen, don't think anything more about it. Let us go to bed. There, open the door, there's Winks scratching."

Winks was a fine white Persian cat, an especial favorite of Ellen, and slept like a great hairy baby in her bed—another proof she was cut out for an old maid, as she used to remark with a grim smile occasionally.

Wednesday was the admiral's monthly dinner to the various officers, naval and military, in the neighborhood, and duly on Wednesday they arrived, some twenty or twenty-five, with a sprinkling of wives and daughters.

The widow sat next to the admiral on his right. A grim old warrior cut up a turkey in a sort of broadsword exercise style for Ellen. Lieutenant Blackwood was at Mary's left. The dinner, like other dinners, was eaten almost in silence; with the dessert came the chat-

ter. The widow lighted up and told funny stories; Ellen sat grim as a heraldic tigress; while Mary seemed wholly absorbed in some very interesting details of something not generally audible, which was in process of narration by the lieutenant; Susan was, as usual, silent, and crushed by two vigorous sea worthies, who talked and disputed across her with a total obliviousness of her presence. Somehow, in spite of the widow's gaiety, the thing did not "go off." The host was constrained and dull, not to say fidgety, and his friends felt it. He was better when the ladies left; better when the health of his daughters was drunk with enthusiasm; better still when pressed for the story of "The little gentleman in the brown coat," which he told at once.

"You see, gentlemen, my story begins in 1779. I was at that time about five-and-twenty, and only second lieutenant of the Bosphorus. We were lying in the Roads with the anchors tript, and the sails loose, waiting the signal for sailing, when a shore boat came off with a little gentleman in a brown coat in the stern. He came on board, went into the cabin and saw the captain. In about ten minutes the order came to furl sails and pay out the cable, for we were not going to sail that day. Half an hour after he came out of the cabin, and the gig was lowered to take him ashore. Hopkins was sent in charge; he was midshipman then. The old gentleman was rather slow in getting down the ship's side, and had just got his foot on the boat's gunwale, when Hopkins gave the word—'Shove off there—give way, lads,' and the jerk threw the old fellow into the water. I saw it as I looked over the side, and rumbled over to pick him up, for he was going down like a shot. They took us on board, and he went to bed while his clothes were sent for. They came in about three hours, and as he was going over the side, he said to Hopkins:

"Pray, what's your name, sir?"

"Hopkins told him, and he wrote it down on the back of a letter, and then asked me mine."

"Richard Newton, sir, at your service," said I.

"Richard Newton," said he, as he wrote, 'Mr. Richard Newton, I'm much obliged to you, sir; I shall not forget you. Good day, sir!'

"I took an opportunity to ask the captain who he was. He didn't know."

"Some messenger from the Admiralty—some fuss about stores brought him from London."

"The men joked me after we sailed about my 'bath,' as they called it, and offered to buy my chance of the old man's favor. And now comes the singular part of my story, gentlemen; from that day to this I never saw the little gentleman in the brown coat again, and I don't know his name; and yet every commission I have had, every step of promotion I have gained, must have come through him, for I had no friend or patron who had the slightest influence with the Lords, and yet there never was a more rapid rise than mine. He did it all, and that, too, without giving me the slightest chance of thanking him, for, as I said, I have no idea to this very day, who or what he was."

"And Hopkins?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

"Died six years ago, a second lieutenant, for one of all his friends he could get no higher. So, gentlemen, we'll drink one more health, 'The little gentleman in the brown coat.'"

The story did the admiral good, and he was quite himself again, till that unfortunate Major Simpkins rose to propose the health of a lady, one whom he had known for a long time, one who, by her beauty and her wit, was worthy of that higher station in society that rumor said she would shortly be called upon to fill—he begged to propose the health of Mrs. Lake, and he might, he thought, venture to call on their worthy host to return thanks. Then was the admiral dull; then did he, at one fell draught, drink down the conviction of his folly, and return thanks in a speech of almost boyish enthusiasm, concluding with the public announcement of his approaching happiness. Then did the two-bottle and three-bottle men gather round him, and while the half-bottle men joined the ladies, did they sit long and drink deeply.

Why did he stay? Why call for more? Mrs. Lake's surmise must have been right—he was drinking her health over again.

In the drawing-room are the half-bottle men and the ladies, holding a revel with tea, coffee, biscuit and duets as the consumables. Mary still finds that Lieutenant Blackwood's conversation is intensely interesting; he is a grave, reserved, young-looking man of five-and-twenty, with eyes of a singularly changeable expression, and a dreamy, yet not vacant look; a species of staring into himself was his failing, when not actually talking to any one; "the look is almost poetic in its soft melancholy"—so at least Mary writes to her dearest friend; he is tall and broad-shouldered, with a slight student-like stoop; he will read so much, he should not if it will injure his health. He will introduce his sisters, they will be so glad to know Miss Newton and her sisters. Her sister is rather eccentric, he says. Oh, yes, she is rather, but the warmest-hearted creature that ever



A. H. DAVIS, U.S.N.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 167.

breathed; she has been a mother to them all—even Henry minds her, cares for her. Henry is a medical student; are they as wild as she hears they are? does he know? He does not; he would like to know Henry; he will call on him in London; and so on, and so on, till it's time to leave. Alas! time to make the eyes look more melancholy than ever. As he takes his leave, "Is Miss Newton going to the launch to-morrow week?" "Yes." Singular, his sisters and his mother are going too; they will meet most likely, and so farewell.

Mary thinks the evening one of the pleasantest she has spent for a long time, and exhibits a tendency, while doing her hair, to linger and stare vacantly at the opposite wall, where she appears to see something that requires attentive examination, which perhaps it does, though it may not be on the wall after all.

The widow sleeps at the admiral's, and bids the girls "good night" with such kind patronage that they are ready to scream, except Susan, who goes with her to her room, there to be squeezed, like a sponge, of all the family affairs of which she has any knowledge.

Winks must have wondered what was the matter with his mistress, for without so much as a single stroke of his soft fur she buries her head on her sister's bosom and cries herself to sleep. Poor Winks! How much eats and women suffer in this world!

The launch came off after a week, during which Mr. Blackwood had been almost a constant visitor; Mary was introduced to Mrs. Blackwood and her daughters.

Why were the sisters such dear nice girls? Why was the mamma such a sweet woman? Eh, Mary? confess. No need, Mary; we know, perhaps, as well, if not better, than you can tell us. But why does Mrs. Blackwood seem as if she were determined at any risk to prevent her son speaking to Mary; why does she talk incessantly—eagerly; why command her son's escort home? That we, as well as Mary, leave to time. And yet, spite of all this, let it be

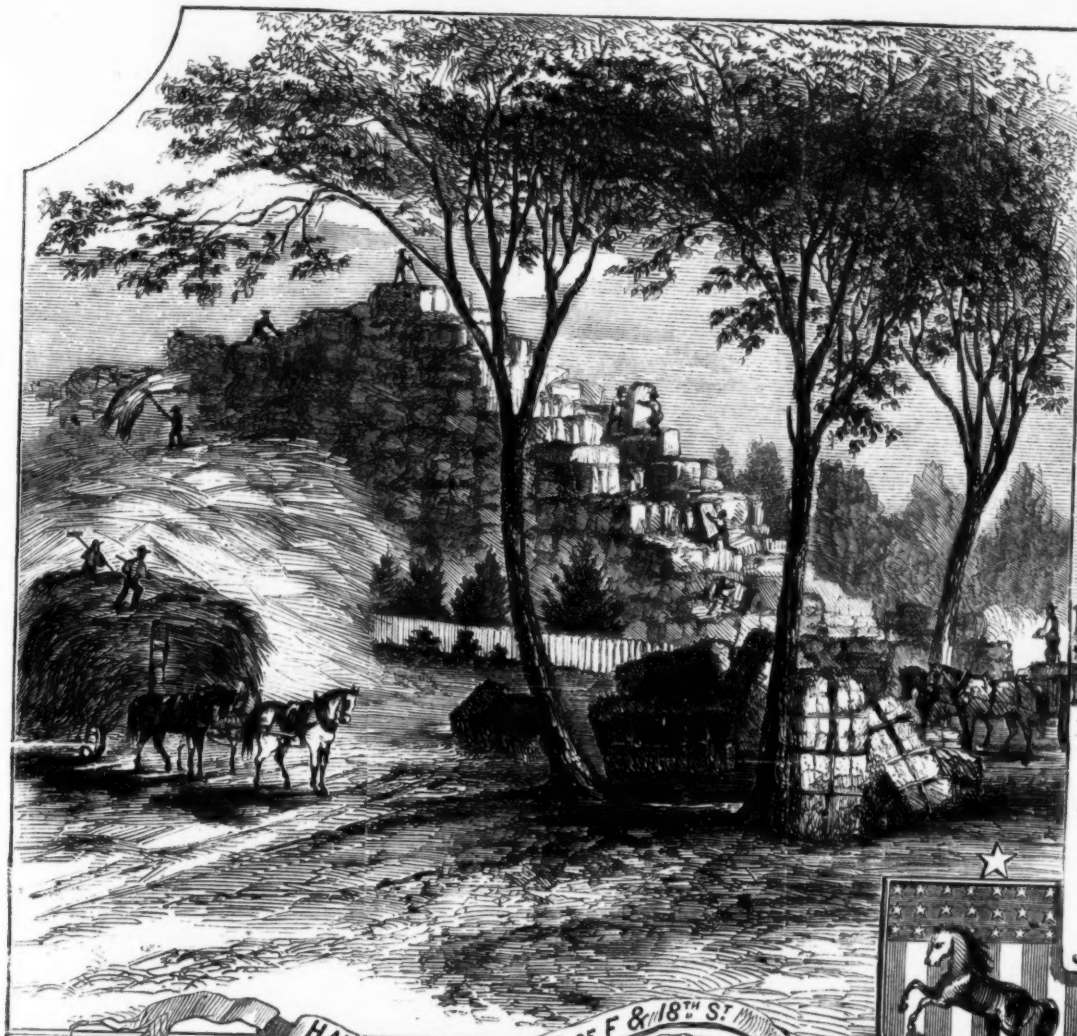
(Continued on page 174.)



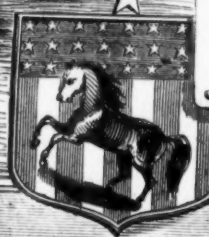
SCENE IN THE GRAND SPECTACLE OF "ORDINA, OR THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS," NOW PERFORMING AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—ORDINA, QUEEN OF THE NAIADS, IN HER GROTTO, LEADING THE KNIGHT TO THE FAIRY REGIONS.—SEE PAGE 167.



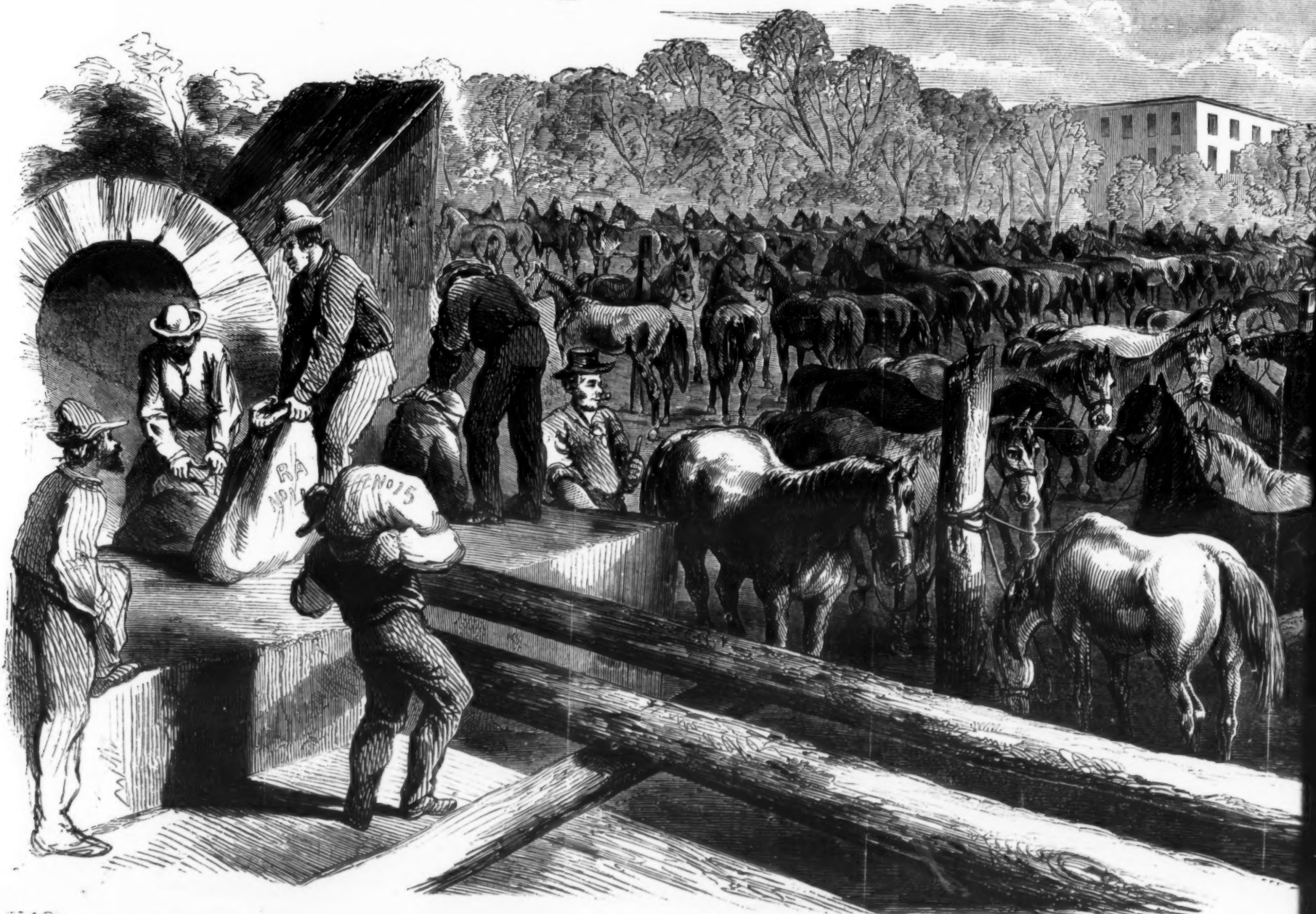
THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI—THE DARK SIDE OF WAR—REFUGEES FROM SOUTHERN MISSOURI DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMESTEADS BY THE REBELS, ENCAMPED NEAR GEN. SIEGEL'S DIVISION AT ROLLA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 167.

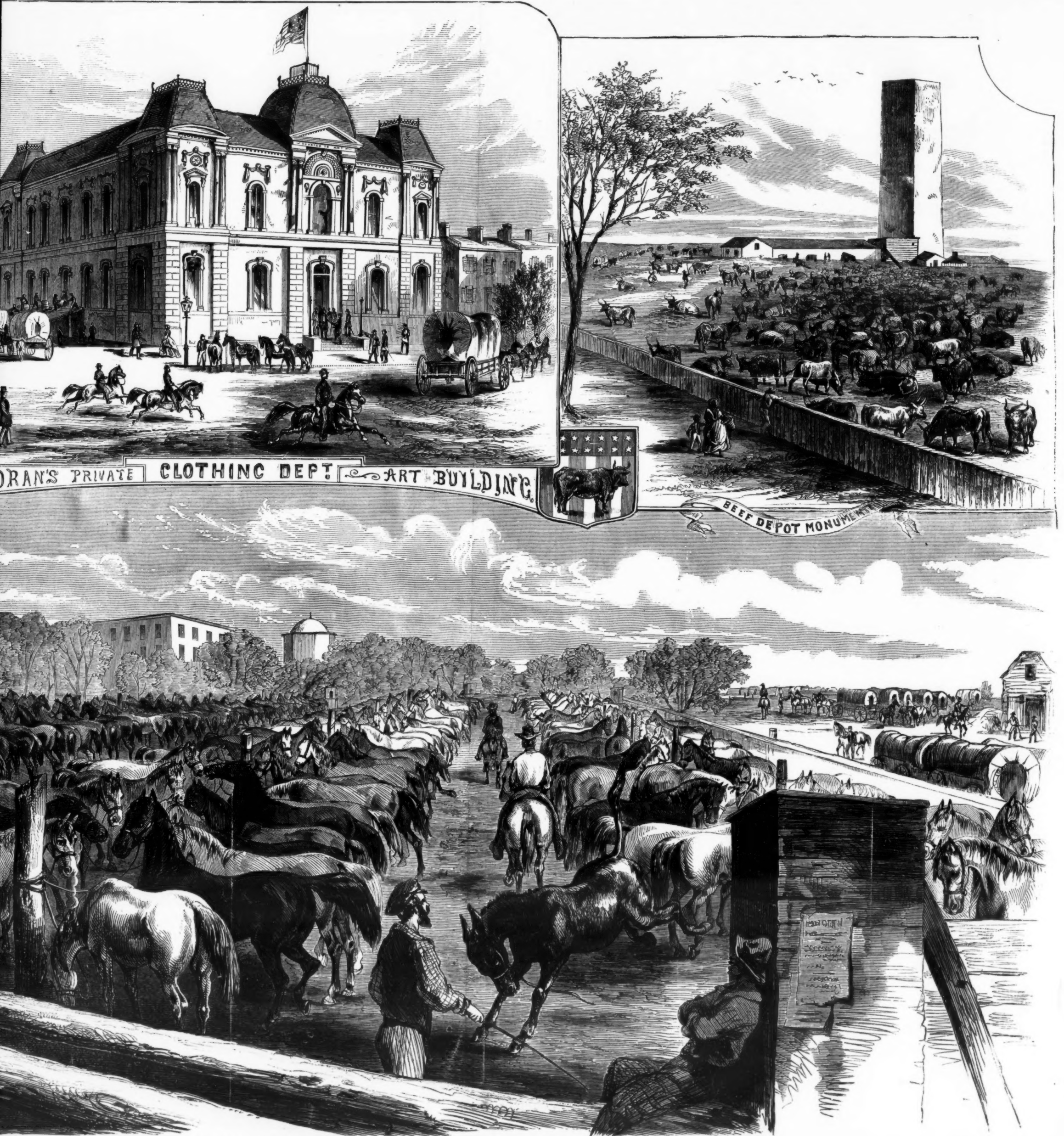


HAY & STRAW DEPOT COR. OF F & 18TH ST.



COCCORAN'S PRIVATE CLOTHING





CAPITOL—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON—GRAND CORRAL OR HORSE DEPOT IN WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 167.

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTERS.

(Continued from page 171).

said that when Mary reached home that night she had been asked if she could love him, and had confessed that she could and did. Mary had not much sleep that night, neither had her "Ellis," as she called him to herself again and again.

When the lieutenant reached home he found his mother sitting up for him, a rare thing. They were on the best of terms—he called her, somewhat disrespectfully, "the old lady," but the tone quite belied the words, there was an intensity of affection between the two that could be seen at the slightest glance.

"What, you up, old lady! What's the matter? I must take a pill after to-day's excitement—is that it?"

"I am not in the mood for joking, Ellis; I want to talk very seriously to you."

"Say on, mother; I'm all attention."

"Now, Ellis, how far have you gone with Miss Newton?"

"How far?" said Ellis, almost blushing, certainly stammering and hesitating.

"Yes, Ellis, how far?"

"Why, mother—I asked her to be mine."

"My God, Ellis! you don't mean that. I am too cruelly punished."

"What do you mean, mother? I do mean that I am engaged to Miss Newton, and that this night she has promised to be my wife. Do you know anything against her, mother?"

"Nothing, Ellis, nothing. She is as good as an angel can be."

His mother was rocking herself to and fro in her chair, with her hands before her face, as she almost groaned.

"Oh! If you had but spoken to me, I could, perhaps, have saved you this—and her—poor thing—"

"Mother, you make me feel mad with anger and suspense. I entreat you tell me what you mean?"

He was kneeling, now, and trying to take his mother's hands from before her face; she yielded, and looked into his with dry, tearless eyes, and a haggard smile that chilled him to the heart.

"I cannot tell you more than this, Ellis, that Miss Newton must never be your wife."

"Mother, either you or I are going mad; you say you know nothing against her, and yet you say she cannot be my wife. Why not, I ask? Why not, I ask?" and he almost screamed his questions.

"For God's sake be calm, Ellis."

"Yes, yes, mother; but why not?" and he pressed his hands to his temples, and strode about the room in agony.

"I cannot tell you, Ellis; indeed I cannot—dare not."

"Now, mother, be reasonable, and answer me," and he took her hands in his, and held them as in a vice. "Why cannot Miss Newton be my wife? She is good; well born; has some little portion. What more do you want? I am satisfied; surely you—"

"Oh, Ellis! you hold me too tightly, I am in pain. Forgive me, my dear boy; but I cannot tell you."

"What then shall I do, mother? Come, guide me, for I feel that I am stupified, and incapable of thought for myself. If you cannot tell me, who can?"

"That I will tell you, Ellis, if you will make me a promise to do what I ask—a faithful promise."

"My dear mother, I will promise anything, but to give her up."

"I will not ask you to do that, but I will ask you not to see her again for a week, nor even to write."

"I promise for a whole week, neither to see her, write to her, nor send her any message. Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet; you want to know why you cannot marry her?"

"Yes, and therefore make these promises."

"Then go to bed, now, and come to me to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, with a letter to my agent in London; take that to him, and he will tell you what I cannot tell you. Now, good night, Ellis, and forgive me if, having been once young myself, I say remember your promise."

How could any man sleep after such an interview as this?

(To be continued.)

LIVING OR DEAD?

A Story Founded upon Fact.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"So, then, I am mad! What is it to be mad? Is not my pulse as calm as other men's, my judgment as steady? Everything around me is unchanged. No link is broken in the chain of eternal harmony. No, it cannot be—I am not mad."

Arthur was pacing up and down his study in excessive agitation. The interview with Victorine had almost unmanned him. For the first time the sense of his malady had laid hold upon him with irresistible horror.

As a man, unarmed, might meet his deadly enemy with a weapon in his hand, and a quick perception of danger might seize him and make him tremble, so Arthur met this desperate evil face to face, and his spirit was dismayed.

To be mad! It comprised the shipwreck of his life, and life had been promising as yet. Mad! He sat down and thought upon it till his brain grew dizzy.

What was he to do to meet the exigency? In the prime of strength and manhood—what would they avail? Other diseases might retire before them, but they lent power to this. He had been haunted by a spectre. Did sane men hold intercourse with the dead? And Constance is dead! he cried aloud, as he had done before; and, as before, the voice of reason answered, "Dead!" What is there left for him to do? Escape? Alas! he looks forward to a dreary banishment, a wild, uncertain future. It has no hope for him. He cannot fly—there is nothing to be gained by that; but he may lose his liberty. His pursuers may be already on his track. And yet he has committed no crime. True—but he is mad!

Can he live with this curse upon him, cleaving to him, haunting him for years, and years—a whole eternity of torture? And for what end should he live? He can fulfil no purpose. His malady will mar all noble conceptions of the mind; for the mind is where it holds its seat. Physical infirmity, even the greatest, might leave this precious part untouched. The mightiest of men have been the feeblest. But to be mad—and he must be mad; the world has pronounced it so.

He would rather die than live. Life's ties are sundered. An eternal solitude is settling round him. His kindred merely allow that he should exist. He is dead to society, dead to fame, dead to friendship, dead to love; a grave has closed over him. Still he must live. He dare not sunder the link that binds the distempered soul to its earthly prison—he must live and fly!

Constance has been his enemy and brought his ruin. And yet how he loves her! How passionately he clings to her memory. How he would court the spectre to rise again if he could—would give his very reason to look once more upon that glorious face and golden hair. Surely he must be mad!

And as if he had not suffered enough, and his disorder were not dangerous enough, he must go back to Wales. Yes, with his pursuers on his track, he must seek out the village churchyard, and look upon the tomb, and linger about the spot where this great calamity befell him. It is marvellous infatuation. He feels that he is mad. He had not the heart to tell Grace, and yet he could not forbear a glance at her; and he stole to the door of the room where as usual she sat and worked.

Poor Grace! she was sitting with her work on her lap; her face pale and haggard, there were tears trickling down it. Arthur had intended to give her a parting look, but he could not restrain himself. He stepped up to her and wiped them tenderly away.

"Do not cry, Grace," said he. "What is the matter?"

Grace controlled herself with a great effort. It was praiseworthy, considering her disposition. But Sir Harry had enjoined upon her on no account to let the patient see her distress.

"What is the matter, Grace?" he repeated.

"Nothing; only I wish you would come and sit with me," she replied, evasively.

"For a few moments I will. Grace, you would not deceive me, would you?" said Arthur, earnestly, and he took her hand.

Grace's work lay at her feet, and her eyes were fixed intently on her brother.

"Grace, dear," said he, "do you notice anything remarkable in me? Have you ever—since—since—" He paused.

"Only that you look pale and ill, Arthur, and have worked too hard," replied Grace, quickly. "I wish you would let us go somewhere for a time, and let me nurse you and get you well again."

"Grace, do you think I am mad?" cried Arthur, abruptly.

Grace's eyes were fixed upon him with a look of affright. She did not answer. Since his return a misgiving that she dare not name had woke within her. That Arthur was mad she had more than once suspected. His ravings about Constance; his firm persuasion that he had seen her—what could it be but madness? It was a thought that shook poor Grace's happiness to its very foundations. It was a crushing, overwhelming catastrophe—ruin, desolation and despair following in its track.

"Poor Grace! her petty skirmishes and her household difficulties sunk to atoms before this great mountain about to fall upon her head."

"Grace, do you think I am mad?" repeated Arthur.

There was still no answer. Then Grace nestled close to him and laid her head upon his shoulder, and said in a tone of unusual gentleness, "Let us go away from this place. You will get well anywhere but here."

Arthur groaned in anguish of spirit.

"So you, too, think I am mad!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"I did not say so," replied Grace, weeping. "I did not say so. I would go with you anywhere, and everywhere, and so I will."

"No, Grace, I must go alone. What! would you trust yourself to a madman?" and he laughed wildly.

"I will trust myself to you, and feel safer than with any one else in the world," cried Grace, eagerly. "No, Arthur, I will not let you go!" and she held him in her arms.

Arthur disengaged himself gently, but resolutely.

"Do not hinder me, or I am lost! Did you never hear what they do with lunatics?" he cried, excitedly.

Grace cowered down, utterly terrified.

"Because," he continued, "I will tell you. They shut them up, and they are coming to shut me up. But I shall give them the slip. Liberty or life! Do not touch me. I am mad! mad! mad!" and he rushed from the house.

Grace shrieked in terror, and followed as fast as her trembling limbs would permit. She called aloud, she beckoned, she entreated. Arthur fled like a man on whose track the avenger of blood is hard pursuing. Grace could no more distance him than she could the wind of Heaven; and at length, overcome with fatigue, she sank on the ground, unable to follow another step.

But something must be done. Arthur must be followed, and care taken of his personal safety. Lunatics always fancied they were pursued by imaginary enemies. Every moment she delayed might be of consequence. She must do something, and she roused herself, and hurried homeward, considering as she went.

Grace was not long in deciding, as was evident from her snatching up her hat the moment she reached home, and walking quickly down the garden, and across the road, to the comfortable, well-appointed house occupied by our friend John Lodge, who was just sitting down to dinner, when Grace, in a state of great excitement, entered the room.

"Oh, Mr. Lodge, do go after him!" she exclaimed. "Please, pray do! or he will go and destroy himself."

Now Grace had never been into Mr. Lodge's house, or he into hers, since the unlucky visit to London. John had been sulking most profoundly, and all the more because he had caught sundry glimpses of Sir Harry Lorimer at Arthur's door, and had mistaken him for the London gentleman with whom Grace had tantalized him.

This London gentleman had been a fact so rooted in his mind, that he had thought of nothing else, and he thought of nothing else now. That was a pretty joke! He ran after him, indeed!

"Oh, Mr. Lodge, pray go!" cried Grace; "he has gone off quite distracted, and he got over so far by this time. Do, pray go!"

Mr. Lodge finished cutting a slice of beef with great precision, hedging it round with condiments, then politely offering it to Grace.

"Will you take some dinner, Miss Grace?"

"Me!" she cried. "How can you ask me? I tell you he burst from the house like a lunatic. I do believe he is mad!"

"Glad of it," replied John, coolly, beginning to eat the beef himself with infinite relish.

"Glad!" she exclaimed. "Good Heavens, Mr. Lodge!"

"Yes, as glad as can be," said John. "Never do you mind, Miss Grace. There are plenty left as good as he is, and near at hand, too. So he is mad, is he? Serve him right." And he chuckled with glee.

"And he may destroy himself!" cried Grace, in a tone of passionate surprise; "actually destroy himself, and you sit there like a stock or a stone."

"Let him! I'll not prevent it. He may hang himself twenty times over for me. What did he come poaching on my ground for?" growled John, savagely.

"Mr. Lodge, are you beside yourself?" cried Grace. "Is Arthur's life of so little—"

"Arthur!" shouted Mr. Lodge, springing up, and kicking away his chair. "Why didn't you tell me so before? I beg pardon, Miss Grace; but how could I suppose—where did he go?—which way?—Tell me quick—I'll be after him like lightning."

"That way—there!" cried Grace, eagerly. "I thought I told you; I said Arthur, did I not?"

"No, you didn't," said John; "but I might have guessed. I was thinking of that confounded—Well, no matter. Good-bye! God bless you! and never fear. John Lodge is as true as steel; and as for Arthur being mad—Pshaw! I don't believe a word of it."

Having ordered out his nag, John Lodge galloped off as if Arthur's very life depended on his expedition.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, JAN. 13.—In the Senate, a bill reported from the Military Committee, appropriating \$150,000 for completing the defenses of Washington, occasioned considerable debate. It was explained, however, that the money was principally wanted to pay for work already done. A report was made from the Judiciary Committee in the case of Senator Bright of Indiana. The Committee are of the opinion that the charges against him are not sustained. Their report was made the special order for Thursday. Mr. Carlile, of Virginia, offered a resolution, which was laid over, instructing the Committee on Finance to consider the expediency of providing a revenue of \$200,000,000 by taxation, and issuing bonds to the amount. Mr. King, of New York, also introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury Notes to the amount of \$100,000,000, at 7 per cent. interest, and providing for a direct tax of \$10,000,000 for the payment of the interest. It was referred.

In the House, the Secretary of War was called upon to state by what authority the army supplies and other property in Utah were sold some time since. Consideration of the Civil Appropriation bill was resumed; and Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, made an effective speech, exposing some of the frauds to which the Government had been subjected. Mr. Baker, of New York, reviewed the financial condition of the country, and advocated the passage of a tax bill to realize \$100,000,000. Mr. Fenton, of New York, offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire whether Marshal Lamson has issued an order prohibiting any Senators or Representatives from visiting the city jail, and the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14.—In the Senate, a communication was received from the President, accompanying a copy of the instructions of the Austrian Government to the Austrian Minister, relating to the Trent affair. Mr. Powell's resolution, calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to army contracts, was then taken up, and debated at considerable length. The objection urged against it was the time it would occupy to prepare a proper answer to the inquiries. The resolution was finally adopted, however, 34 to 3. Marshal Lamson sent in a communication in answer to the inquiry addressed to him by the Senate, in regard to the exclusion of Members of Congress from the precincts of the Washington prison. His answer was considered a highly insulting one, and during the excitement occasioned by it, the bill providing for a jail delivery, introduced several days ago, was taken up and passed. An effort was made to exclude fugitive slaves from its provisions, but it failed; but an amendment was made, that hereafter no person shall be confined in the jail without a warrant from a magistrate or court, or an order from one House of Congress. Only four members voted against its passage, Messrs. Carlile, of Virginia, Kennedy, of Maryland, Powell, of Kentucky, and Saulsbury, of Delaware.

In the House, the bill to abolish the Franking Privilege was debated during nearly the whole session, and finally passed, 107 to 43.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15.—In the Senate, the joint resolution to promote the efficiency of the troops serving in Kansas was taken up, and debated at considerable length. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, was very much

afraid that it was intended to arm the negroes, and declared that the adoption of the resolution would extinguish the last hope of Union. Mr. Lane explained that no such intention was entertained, but that negroes would be used in building fortifications. The numerous bills in reference to the confiscation of the property of rebels, referred to the Judiciary Committee, were all reported back, with one as a substitute, which provides for confiscating the property and freeing the slaves of rebels.

In the House, the Secretary of War was called upon for information relative to the propriety of constructing several branch railroads, with a view to more direct communication between Washington and New York. A joint resolution was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means providing for a tax, which, with the revenue from the Tariff, will secure an annual sum of not less than \$150,000,000. The resolution was passed—133 to 5—Messrs. Allen, of Ohio; Robinson, of Illinois; Shiel, of Virginia; Voorhees, of Indiana, and Wood, of New York voting in the negative.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16.—In the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, in answer to the resolution introduced by Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, relating to contracts, etc. The Secretary states that he has not sufficient clerical force to enable him to answer the resolution; and further, that he personally has not made a single contract for any purpose whatever, but the contracts have all been made by the heads of bureaus. The matter was referred. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill, which was referred, for the better organization of the cavalry forces. Mr. Hale offered a resolution, which was laid over, declaring that Mr. Layman, Marshal of the District of Columbia, had been guilty of breach of privilege and contempt in excluding members of the Senate from the jail without a pass from him. The resolution asking the Secretary of War what amounts have been paid by the Government to the railroads of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York, was agreed to.

In the House, a bill was passed which directs the Secretary of War to furnish our prisoners in the rebel States with clothing and other necessities. An amendment to the Act of 1857, to enforce the attendance of witnesses, was passed. The amendment repeals that portion of the act under which the traitor Floyd escaped prosecution for his robbery of the Government. A bill to establish a Bureau of Agriculture, presented by Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, was referred to the Committee on Agriculture. A petition of 140 colored persons at California, asking for colonization where color will not be a badge of degradation, was ordered to be printed.

FRIDAY, JAN. 17.—In the Senate, the House bill franking letters to soldiers and sailors was passed. The joint resolution from the House, declaring the purpose of Congress to impose a tax sufficient to insure a revenue of \$150,000,000 annually, was reported from the Finance Committee, and passed, with only one dissenting vote, cast by Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.

In the House, the Committee of the District of Columbia made a report on the case of Marshal Lamson, against any interference with his full regulations, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. The report was not acted upon. A bill for the support of the West Point Academy was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. The Fortification bill was considered, and passed as originally reported from Committee. It appropriates \$5,700,000. A resolution was adopted calling upon the Secretary of War for a copy of the contract for the purchase of horses for Col. Williams's cavalry regiment, now in Kentucky. Another inquiry was started relative to some other fraudulent contracts, and the House adjourned until Monday.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

The following paragraph from an order of Gen. Lee, commanding the forces opposed to Gen. Sherman, at Port Royal, shows that the rebels are short of ammunition. Lee says: "In consequence of the general scarcity of ammunition, the General Commanding desires to impress upon the commanders of regiments and corps, the absolute necessity of economizing the supplies they have on hand to the utmost extent. To this end the guards will not be allowed to load their pieces unless in the actual presence of the enemy, or in danger of surprise; and all hunting parties will be strictly forbidden to use the public ammunition. Each soldier will be held strictly accountable for the number of rounds issued to him, and company officers are directed to make constant inspections of the cartridge-boxes and their magazines, in order to assure themselves that there is no improper waste."

SOME contrabands from Suffolk county, Va., lately reached Fortress Monroe. They report that unusual severity is exercised, and the most ridiculous stories told to prevent the negroes from running away. The favorite version is, that when they come up among the Yankees the old and disabled negroes are shot, the young ones are harnessed to gun carriages like oxen, and when the war is over they will be carried "to a place called Cuba," to be sold in exchange for coffee and sugar.

THE Richmond (Va.) Dispatch of the 9th of January has this item: "The anniversary of the battle of New Orleans passed by without special observance. It was the custom, when all the soldier boys were at home, to have some kind of a frolic, but the war has put an end to all festivities of that sort. Let us hope that another twelvemonth will bring about a happy restoration of the fashions of 'old lang syne.'"

THE New Orleans Picayune of Dec. 29th gives a graphic account of the explosion of the rebel powder mill near that city, and adds: "The explosion at that hour of the night could not have been the result of accident. It must have been the diabolical work of some inhuman fiend. It betrays the men of New Orleans to look well about them for traitors in our midst. Let them be hunted and placed out of the reach of doing mischief."

THE Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal has the following account of the way the rebels treat deserters. The punishment was inflicted at Camp Beauregard, near Feliciana, Ky.: "On Friday all the troops at this station were assembled together and formed into square, for the purpose of witnessing the punishment of three men belonging to the 1st Missouri regiment, convicted of desertion. It is not necessary to give their names or the facts drawn out by the Court-Martial concerning their crime. They were branded on the left hip with the letter D, which was done with a hot iron made in the shape of that letter, then their heads were closely shaved, and, finally, they were each hit fifty lashes upon the bare back in the presence of their comrades, and drummed out of the service to the tune of the 'Rogue's March.' Volunteers who often speak of quitting the service upon the slightest provocation, without the proper discharges, and who seem to regard the act lightly, should take warning from the fate of these poor, unfortunate fellows."



BARNUM OUTDONE.

STRANGE as it may sound, Barnum has been vanquished, but it has taken Barnum to do it; his Tom Thumb is no more. That great General has succumbed to a naval hero—it is Commodore Nutt. The General does not take his defeat to heart so much but he could crack a joke at his own defeat, as he did when he told the Commodore that "he was a hard Nutt to crack." It is somewhat strange that so great a curiosity should never before have been exhibited, but the fact is so—his father, a most respectable farmer, having invariably turned a deaf ear to all suggestions, till, as the poet says, great Barnum's whispered honey won his heart. The great showman has made the Commodore and his family independent for life, since he pays him \$20,000 for three years' his outfit and his traveling expenses. The Manchester Mirror says:

"It has been a matter of great astonishment to people in this section that Gen. Tom Thumb should have been the centre of attraction wherever he went, in this country and Europe, visited by the poor and rich, by Statesmen, Congressmen, Presidents, Kings and Queens, the pet of Courts and the most royal circles, loaded with jewels and diamonds, when we had a specimen of the Lilliput family here in Manchester, 'head and shoulders' smaller, perfect in form, handsome, witty and winning, and still 'unhonored and unsung.' For years he has occasionally walked our streets, but never without the crowd stopping and looking at him with wonder, to see a man of the size of a baby walking along with the ease and nonchalance of the Benicia Boy, or some other person who had got used to the staring throng."

"The little fellow is an honorary member of the Amoskeag Veterans and Governor's Guards, and is really the pet of his native town. On Tuesday last he bade his numerous friends farewell, and set out on his travels in search of fame and fortune, followed by the good wishes of all the good folks of Manchester. He is now in this city, and will in a few weeks appear at the American Museum."

It is significant of Mr. Barnum's liberality that the offer he made was more than double that made by other parties. Due notice will be given of his first appearance at the Museum.

said, "Truly, this is a day of small things," while others inquired "if the Resurrection were really at hand?"

Things in Congress.

THERE are several important matters doing or done in Congress. In the first place, the House of Representatives has passed a bill, by an almost unanimous vote, abolishing the Franking privilege. This privilege has been greatly abused, and its abolition must prove a great relief to the Post-Office Department, which, last year failed to pay expenses by \$4,500,000.

Economy has become a necessity, and when the Nation is preparing to submit to a tax of \$150,000,000 a year, it is only right that the paid servants of the Government should share in the burthen. A bill is before the Senate reducing the pay of the army, as shown in the following table:

| | Present Pay. | Proposed Pay. |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Major-General..... | \$469 00 | 300 |
| Brigadier-General..... | 323 50 | 240 |
| Colonel..... | 218 00 | 200 |
| Lieutenant-Colonel..... | 194 00 | 180 |
| Major..... | 175 00 | 150 |
| Captain..... | 108 50 | 100 |
| First Lieutenant..... | 103 50 | 80 |
| Second Lieutenant..... | 108 50 | 200 |
| Surgeon-General..... | 228 33 | 180 |
| Surgeons, 10 years' service..... | 223 00 | 150 |
| Surgeons, less than 10 years..... | 187 00 | 120 |
| Surgeons, five years' service..... | 137 00 | 100 |
| Surgeons, less than five years..... | 120 00 | 100 |
| Paymaster-General..... | 228 33 | 200 |
| Deputy Paymaster-General..... | 211 00 | 180 |
| Paymaster..... | 187 00 | 150 |
| Chaplain..... | — | 80 |
| All Military Storekeepers..... | — | 120 |

Frauds, in connection with the army, have become so flagrant and general, as to require the severest repression known to the law, and the Committee on the conduct of the war has resolved to advise the immediate passage of a bill to punish with death any person who commits a fraud upon the Government, whereby a soldier is bodily injured, as for instance in the sale of unsound provisions. Also, to punish with imprisonment and confiscation of all property and Government dues all contractors who in any way defraud the Government in the quality of goods sold, or in respect of services pretended to be rendered to the Government. This measure will come rather late; it will be very much like shutting the stable door after the horse is stolen; but, "better late than never." It is to be hoped that the Committee may devise some means to make the thousand contractors, "brothers-in-law," friends, parasites and partisans who have fattened on the army and navy departments, disgorge their ill-gotten gains.

Among the financial propositions that have been presented to the Committee of Ways and Means, there is one which is intended to avoid the necessity of imposing direct taxes for the purpose of revenue. This proposition looks to the raising of \$220,000,000 a year—\$115,000,000 on excise, and \$105,000,000 on imports, levying high war duties on tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, liquors and other luxuries, and allowing only \$35,000,000 of revenue from ordinary imports. It is proposed to issue 300,000,000 of demand notes, and 1,000,000,000 of six per cent. bonds, redeemable after 20 years, the demand notes to be convertible into bonds at pleasure. It is also proposed that the Government shall receive specie on deposit, and issue certificates, payable at any one of its depositories. It is argued that by this process the coin of the country will be drawn into the Treasury, and the certificates will circulate in the place of specie. A strong array of facts and statistics is presented, showing the ability of the United States, or the 22,000,000 of inhabitants of the loyal States, to raise the \$220,000,000 as easily as the 29,000,000 of inhabitants of Great Britain raise annually from \$250,000,000 to \$350,000,000 of revenue. The proposition, it is said, will be considered seriously by the Committee.

J. Bull's "Stone Blockades."

THOSE "guardians of civilization" and "exemplars of humanity" presiding over the British press, and who recorded the British atrocities in the Sepoy war and applauded them withal, are still in paroxysms over the operations of the "Rat-hole Squadron." The blockading of the harbor of Charleston is declared by the *Times* "a crime against humanity;" by the *Dispatch* "a barbarism which the entire world will resent as an injury, and a natural supplement to the projected horrors of a prompted slave insurrection." But Bull has a very short memory. We are only apt pupils, in this respect, of his own, for during his war against Napoleon he resorted to the same expedients—did horrid, sanctimonious Bull! *Vide* the following paragraph from Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte":

"England * * * unable to get opportunities of assailing French vessels, was induced to have recourse to strange, and, as it proved, ineffectual means of carrying on hostilities. Such was the attempt at destroying the harbor of Boulogne by sinking in the roads ships loaded with stones."

Knaves, as well as liars, should have long memories.

PRINCE ALBERT. — The London *Critic* says of the late Prince Albert, of England: "We have reason to believe that, up to the time of his death, the Prince Consort raised his voice energetically against the haste with which England is rushing into a war with the United States—an event which he denounced as subversive of her interests, dangerous to the real sources of her power, and certain to be advantageous only to the despotic powers of Europe. Whether that view was right or wrong, such, we believe, was the faith in which the Prince Consort died."

THE "Popular Enthusiasm" business in Canada is nearly played out. The Eighth Battalion of Volunteers, after a very patriotic appeal of its officers to support the "honour of Old England," turned out 12 men. The Ninth turned out three. The enthusiasm appears to be all in the columns of the newspapers, and not in the people.

QUESTION.—What is the difference between Cameron and the public?
ANSWER.—The difference between *has* and *is*.
QUEST.—How so?
ANS.—Cameron *has* resigned, and the public *is* resigned.

NATIONALITIES IN THE ARMY.—A paragraph in the daily papers states that it is "in contemplation the organization of a grand division of the army of the Potomac, to be composed of Irishmen, 12,000

or 15,000 in number, with Gen. Meagher, Col. Mulligan of Lexington fame, Col. Cass of the 9th Massachusetts Regiment, and Col. Corcoran, when he returns from captivity, as the Brigadiers. Gen. Shields is to be the Major-General. The project has met the approval of many of our regular army officers high in command." We trust nothing of the sort will be attempted. The army of the Union is an army of Americans—that is to say, it is composed of men who have made this country their home and are ready to die for it. That army can be rendered most effective by a judicious commingling of Irish impetuosity and quickness, with German phlegm and steadiness, and Yankee resolution, adaptation, local knowledge and skill in the use of arms. Essentially a composite people, the aim of all in authority should be to suppress clanishness, to mould, harmonize and knead together all the elements which Providence has placed at their control. We want no great Irish General at the head of an army of Irishmen, in a country which is not Ireland. We want no popular German leader in a country which is not "Father Land." We desire only able officers, without regard to their origin, at the head of our forces, who have forgotten all things—home, native land, wife, family, fortune and friends, in the one absorbing idea and purpose, the vindication of Republican Institutions, the preservation of the Union, and the honor of the flag which has secured to all, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

HOW TO AVOID FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS.—One of the best defences we can erect against foreign interference is the vigorous prosecution of the war. If our army in Kentucky could within a week crush the rebel movement at the West, as Halleck has crushed it in Missouri; if Dupont should seize upon Savannah or Charleston; if Gen. Phelps should advance successfully against New Orleans; if Burnside were safely lodged in Norfolk, or Brunswick, or Fernandina; and, more than all, if the forces on the Potomac were rapidly driving Beauregard towards Richmond—we should hear much less than we now do of the impatience of foreign nations to intervene. The growl of the British lion would dwindle to a very small squeak, and the discontent of the Continent be turned into admiration and applause.—*Providence Journal*.

AT LAST!—The Washington *Chronicle* of the 5th of January says: "Yesterday 12 row boats were taken to Edwards' Ferry, by the way of Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Each of them are capable of being manned by 30 men." Had these "12 row boats" been taken there before the 21st of October, the Nation might have been spared the disaster of Ball's Bluff. By the time the Potomac is frozen over, or full of floating ice, we presume Gen. Stone will have provided plenty of boats for crossing it.

IF any proof were required of the truth of the current rumor that the Treasury is empty, it would be afforded in the resignation of Simon Cameron.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—The January number of this popular magazine is upon our table, and we find it superior to any other publication of the kind in the country. Its completeness in every department of a magazine makes it of peculiar value to every family of cultivation and refinement in the land. Its fashion plates and illustrations are unequalled, while it ranks among the first in literary excellence. We cheerfully recommend it to our readers. It is furnished at the low price of \$3 a year in advance.—*Whitehall (N. Y.) Times*.

REBEL OPINIONS OF GEN. McCLELLAN.—The rebels, or some of them at least, affect to believe that the inaction of the National army of the Potomac is due, not to any inability of Gen. McClellan to move, but to deeply planned designs of personal aggrandisement. A Centreville correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* indulges in speculations of this kind. After describing the roads which he pronounces "impassable," he adds: "I have almost come to the conclusion that the Northern Generalissimo has had, all along, far other thoughts than those of risking his imaginary reputation, his exalted position, and the fate of his army on a battle with our forces in front of him. If we could estimate his conduct from the point of view from which we regard the acts of a military leader, governed by no other motive than that of making war on his adversary, we would have a right to say that McClellan should have attempted to force our lines and to dissipate the army so long assembled in front of Washington. But it is now beginning to be whispered that the Northern chieftain has other designs; that he contemplates securing his own position, consolidating his own power, before attempting in earnest the appalling task of subjugating the South. A 100,000 armed men, fully organized, disciplined and drilled, and devoted to his will, could be made far more effective for elevating their leader to a military dictatorship, than for conquering an immense country peopled by a numerous and warlike race."

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

MESSRS. ELLIS, BRITTON & EATON, Novelty Works, Springfield, Vt., have made a proposal to the Government of the United States for a lease of 20,000 acres of confiscated land near Port Royal, at a yearly rent of \$50,000 for ten years, with a guarantee of possession and protection, upon which they will give employment, support and schooling, to 5,000 liberated negroes; the negroes to be apprenticed as follows: Those over 60 years held for life, receiving food, clothing and care; those between 40 and 60 to serve five years for food, clothing and dwellings; and \$100 at the end of the term; those from 20 to 40 to serve five years for their food, clothing, schooling and books, and \$200 to males and \$100 to females; those under 25, and all children born during the time, to serve till the age of 25, and have food, clothing, homes, three months schooling each year, and \$100. The proposal must be accepted on or before the 20th of January, 1862, so as to admit of seasonable arrangements for the next crop of cotton.

By the report of the Sanitary Committee it appears that of the regiments inspected, 37 were from New England; 101 from the Middle States—including Virginia, Maryland and Delaware—82 from the Western States, including Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Beginning with the formation of these regiments, the Inspectors found that the average time occupied in recruiting a full regiment was three weeks—the shortest period being ten days and the longest three months. In 761 per cent. of the regiments the majority of the men were found to be American born; in 64 the majority were German; in 14 the majority were Irish, and in 64 the number of native and foreign born was found about equal. The average age of the men is stated at 25, and that of the officers at 34.

SOME time ago the National flag raised by Col. Morgan, at Platte City, Missouri, was torn down, against the remonstrances of the remaining citizens of that place. Indignant at the outrage, and aware of the consequences should the perpetrators escape, the men engaged in the desecration were arrested, and, as we are informed, delivered to Col. Morgan. He immediately ordered a Court Martial, the men were found guilty and sentenced to be shot, which sentence was forthwith carried into effect.

THE three years men amongst the Union prisoners recently arrived from Richmond have all been granted a thirty-days' furlough, to enable such of them as choose to visit their families and friends before they shall again enter upon active duty.

On the 23d of December there were on hand at New Orleans 11,907 bales of cotton, against 319,350 bales same time last year. The total exports for the year reached only 752 bales, against 615,200 to Great Britain and 116,000 to France during the previous year. Of tobacco there were exported in 1860 about 14,010 hhds., and none in 1861. Receipts of the year 514 hhds., against 76,659 in 1860. Stock now on hand, 15,625 hhds.

WAR NEWS.

The Capture of Biloxi.

THE capture of Biloxi, a town on the mainland opposite Ship Island, Miss., is confirmed by the following dispatch, published in the *Memphis Appeal* of January 2d: "The enemy came near Biloxi yesterday morning. Two United States officers with 60 men landed in small boats and demanded of Capt. Farrell, commanding, to surrender any property of the United States, together with the munitions of the Confederacy, if any such there might be, giving Farrell one hour to decide. Farrell surrendered, and the United States Commodore took two cannon. They said Butler and his command were at Ship Island. Biloxi is considered as a possession of the Federals. They are momentarily expected to occupy it." Biloxi is situated on a narrow strip of land running out into the Gulf, and is but a short distance from Ship Island. It has been somewhat famous in Southern latitudes as a fashionable watering-place.

Battle on Silver Creek, Missouri.

THE following dispatch to Gen. Halleck relates to a National victory, briefly noticed under this head, in our last week's paper:

OTTERVILLE, Jan. 10, 1861.
Commanding Department of the Missouri:
Major-Gen. Halleck, Co. F. M. Majors Terrence and Hubbard, with 1,000 to 1,300 men, on Silver Creek. On the 8th inst., at 4 o'clock, the heavy loss. Seven left dead on the 450 men, attacked Pointdexter, a large number reported at foot. The enemy was totally routed, with a large number of horses killed, many carried off, from 50 to 75 w. from complete destruction. The rebel camp was destroyed and a heavy fog alone saved them. The number of prisoners taken is reported as 30. J. A. GARFIELD, Brig.

Route of the Rebels in Eastern Kentucky.

THE following are the official dispatches from Col. Garfield, announcing the defeat of the rebels under Humphrey Marshall in Eastern Kentucky.

PAINTSVILLE, Ky., Jan. 8.
Capt. J. B. Fry, A. A. G.—I entered this place yesterday with the 42d Ohio regiment, 14th Kentucky regiment, and 300 of the 2d Virginia cavalry.

On hearing of my approach the main rebel army left their strongly entrenched camp and fled. I sent my cavalry to the mouth of Jennick Creek, where they attacked and drove the rebel cavalry, which had been left as a vanguard, a distance of five miles, killing three and wounding a considerable number. Marshall's whole army is now flying in utter confusion. He had abandoned and burned a large quantity of his stores. We have taken 15 prisoners. Our loss is two killed and one wounded. I start in pursuit to-morrow morning.

J. A. GARFIELD, Commanding Brigade.

PRESTONBURG, Ky., Jan. 11.

Capt. J. B. Fry, A. A. General—I left Paintsville on Thursday noon, with 1,100 men, and drove in the enemy's pickets two miles below Prestonburg. The men slept on their arms. At four o'clock yesterday morning we moved towards the main body of the enemy, at the forks of Middle Creek, under command of Marshall. The skirmishing with his force of 2,500, with three cannon, posted on the hill.

We fought them until dark, having been reinforced by about 700 men from Paintsville, and drove the enemy from all his positions. He carried off the majority of his dead and all his wounded. This morning we found 27 of his dead on the field. His killed cannot be less than 60. We have taken 22 prisoners, 10 horses, and a quantity of stores. The enemy burnt most of his stores and fled precipitately in the night. To-day I have crossed the river and am now occupying Prestonburg. Our loss is two killed and 25 wounded.

J. A. GARFIELD, Col. Commanding Brigade.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—As anything of over one night, in musical technology, is called "a season," we may say we have had a season of opera, under the management of Mr. Grau, with our old favorites constituting the company—Miss Kellogg pouring out her soul on one evening as La Traviata, and Mrs. Susini, *nee* Hinkley, appearing on the succeeding night in "Il Ballo." Brignoli, who it appears has deferred his European visit, and Signor Mancusi took their appropriate parts. Although the weather was bad the audiences were brilliant, and the season successful, encouraging the enterprising manager to new efforts. He will again open on Monday night, January 27th, with a round of operas, on which occasion will appear a new prima donna, Madame Borchard. It seems likely that, under Mr. Grau's judicious management, the metropolis will be secured "an operatic revival." That the Academy will be conducted with energy and good faith is certain.

DODWORTH'S HALL.—Messrs. S. B. Mills, E. Mollenhauer, assisted by a number of competent artists, will give the first of their series of four classical soirees at Dodworth's Saloon, Broadway, opposite Eleventh street, on Saturday evening, January 25th. The best approved morceaux of the great masters of music will be produced at these soirees, which will be continued, Saturday evenings, weekly. Mr. Mills's name is a guarantee that these soirees will be tasteful, classical and worthy of support.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The performances of the week at this admirably arranged and admirably conducted theatre have had their usual variety and interest. With a just appreciation of the public taste and favor, and to avoid omitting anything which could give completeness to the representations, the management has added Mr. Hackett to their corps of artists, and this gentleman appeared on Wednesday night in his world-renowned character of Falstaff. That Mr. Hackett is the best delineator of Falstaff living is universally conceded, and as he appears rarely of late years, the younger public should lose no opportunity of witnessing his impersonations. We presume the management will produce "Monsieur M'let" and some others of Mr. Hackett's favorite pieces, not forgetting "Nimrod Wildfire." Nothing can be more commendable than the efforts made at Niblo's to please and instruct, and it is a gratifying indication of the popular taste that their revival of standard tragedy and comedy is appreciated and supported.

WINTER GARDEN.—In addition to the well-adapted, well-acted, and always interesting "Dot," a new, grand, spectacular piece has been produced at this popular theatre—a resplendent version of the old Rhine legend, "The Lady of the Lurleburg," intitled "The Nalad Queen." It is the story of a knight, bold Sir Rupert (Mr. Hill), who went down into the depths of the river in search of adventure and treasure, where he encountered subaqueous genii in dripping swarms and saturated constellations. As in beehives, there is always a queen, and the queen of the nether Rhine incontinently gives up her heart to the burlesque warrior. The course of true love runs as roughly under water as above it, and there are all manner of damp and interesting situations which issue felicitously at length. The scenery is a marvel. The adventurous knight would have numerous and ready followers if the bowels of rivers and seas were really as radiantly inlaid with coral, and amethyst, and moonlit spar, and jacinth, and chrysolite, and what not, of such burning resplendence of hue as the caverns which the scene painter has created. Without saying anything of the acting, which in pieces of this kind is a secondary consideration, we can testify that, while the scenery is admirable throughout, it culminates in a grand mechanical contrivance in the last act, called a "Foe's Dream of Fairy Land"—a superb illustration of what can be effected by the united forces of art and mechanism—and an alarming indication that poets are given extravagantly to the contemplation of the other sex. The costumes rival the scenery in brilliancy, the selection of colors being frequently very happy, as in the case of the Amazons. The latter, we need scarcely add, perform the usual military evolutions of the stage, and engage in a terrific combat with an equal number of delicately-limbed knights.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, devoted to Literature and National Policy. No. 2, Feb. 1862. J. R. GILMORE, Boston. This new candidate for public favor has reached a second number. It has appropriated one of the peculiar features of the *Atlantic Monthly*, namely, elaborate discussion of the great questions and issues of the day—perhaps has simplified that feature in its prototype. We must say that these discussions are not remarkably vivacious, nor do they over-run with spirit; but they are earnest, thoughtful, and in the main, comprehensive. Still, they lack that vigor and power which we have a right to expect at a moment of National travail like the present. For, in the language of the Monthly itself, "the people of the North, notwithstanding their sufferings and sacrifices, are not yet aroused!" The emblematic Eagle has spread its pinions in a hesitating, uncertain flight, instead of dashing athwart the wind with a bold, imperious wing. The *Continental* brings to its support a considerable number of names fairly distinguished in literature, including Greeley, Kimball, Tuckerman, Leland and Newcomb, and promises fairly to secure for itself a permanent place among its monthly contemporaries.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY, a Treatise specially designed for Young Men, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, etc. Harper & Brothers, New York, 12mo., pp. 302.

This book is a favorable type of its class. Most works of the kind are puerile paraphrases of grand originals. When Mr. Abbott tells his young men (p. 195) that all men and women will "not improbably" come up at the Resurrection, as counterparts of the Venus de Medici and the Belvidere Apollo, "in lineaments of exquisite grace and loveliness," he may be inculcating sound morality and inciting holy aspirations, but we presume to doubt.

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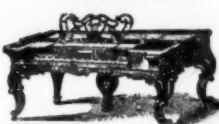
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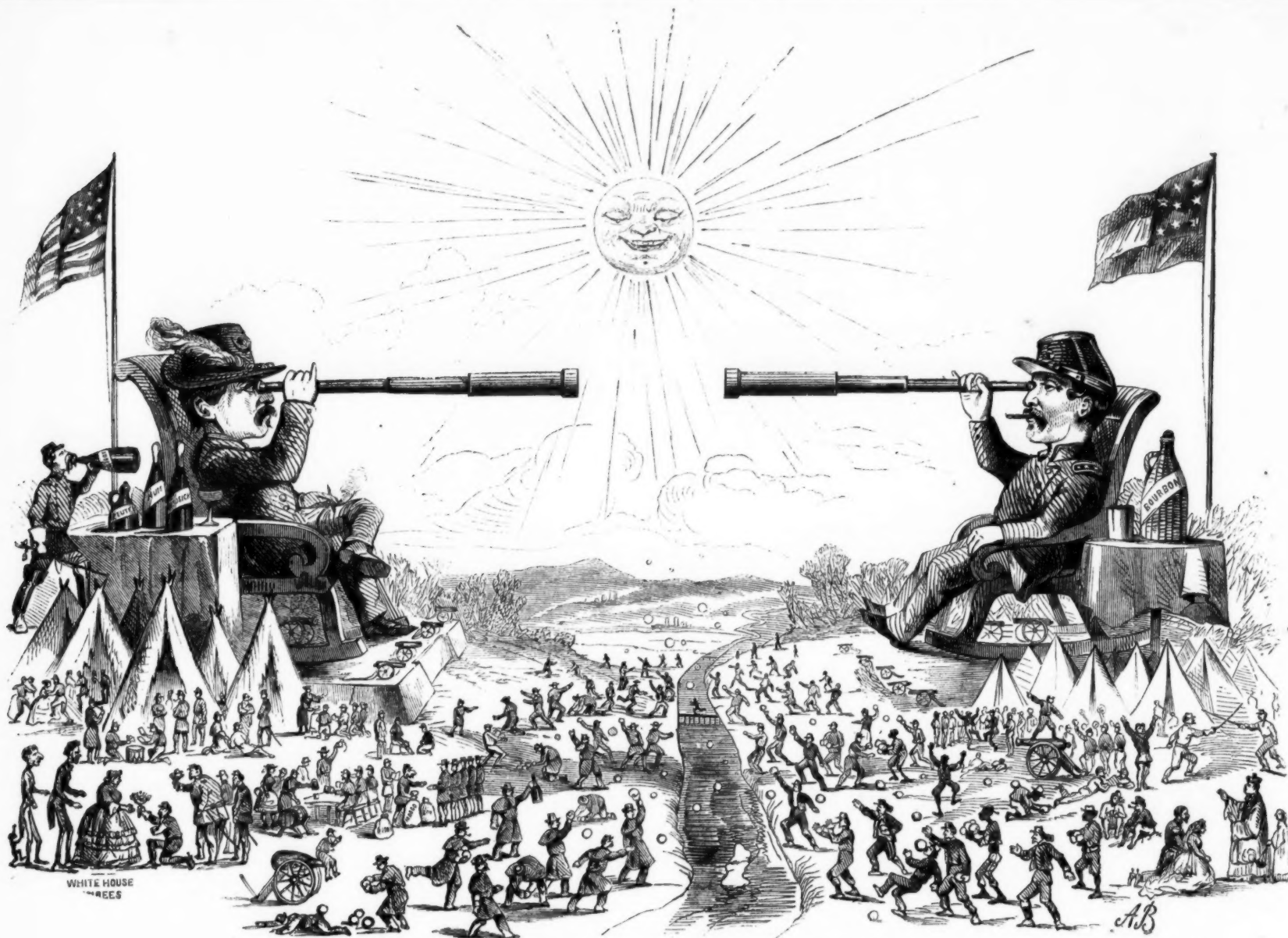
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